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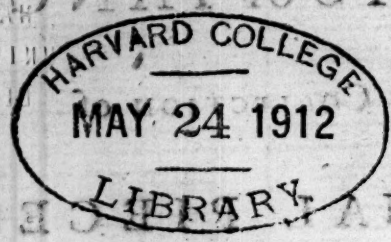
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TO

Mr. WILLIAM POWELL,

S I R,

THE following Pieces are the Production of my leisure Hours; they are imperfect to a Degree, too full of Expletives and Incongruity; nothing cou'd have induc'd me to have publish'd them now, but my having promis'd them my Friends these two Years; and rather than they should accuse me of being worfe than my Word, I have ventur'd to expose myself to the Censure of the World, and the Judgment of the Reviewers; but as they are my first Productions, I could wish to be overlook'd, on the Promise they shall be my last, — when I wrote them indeed I had the Vanity (like all

young Authors) to think I was smitten with the Muses, but now to my Grief I too clearly see that I have smitten them with a Stab of Disgrace; having disturb'd and made muddy the peerless Stream of *Helicon*. My Pretensions to Letters must appear the highest Presumption, from many Reasons; first from my humble and obscure Situation, and secondly from my being depriv'd of a Classcal Education, &c. for great Scholars, like great Rogues, can take such Liberties as little ones dare not think of;—I have only this one Consolation; that as my Reputation as an Author is but little, I have the less to loose;—I don't doubt but this will be an unwelcome Offering; but I have presum'd to inscribe it to you, because I know you bear me that Friendship, that (were you sure to derogate by such a Reception) you would take it as it was meant, the only Acknowledgment I had left, in Return for the many Favours I have receiv'd, and the good Endeavours you have made to serve me, tho' they unfortunately prov'd ineffectual. Dependence on Theatres are as fatal, and as transitory as at Court; and the Pro-

Promises of a Manager are as baseless as those of a Statesman; so fond are all Degrees of apeing their Betters; this I have a Right to speak, being prompted both by Fact and Experience; I cannot say indeed I had ever any great Dependance at Court; But to my Sorrow I know it, and at this Moment feel, the fatal Consequence of depending on Theatres; and the alluring Promises (bound with the sacred Ties of Honour and Friendship) of Managers,— had I not been told by my Friends (and these too, in my Opinion, the best Judges of the age, such as Mr. *Churchill*, Mr. *Lloyd*, Mrs. *Cibber*, and yourself) that I was possess'd of some Requisites for the Stage, I had never attempted it; prompted by this, and conscious of the Right, I as an Individual, had to an Attempt, and strenghten'd by the Obligations that the Theatres, when in a drooping State, were once under to my Father, for his many excellent and receiv'd Entertainments; I was flatter'd into Hope and Expectation, giving up all my other Connections in Life, and sacrificing all other Interests to the seeming Friendship and solemn Promises of Mr.

L----

L----; who, like a Sorcerer, led me into a Labyrinth of Delusion, and left me to bewail my Situation in Oblivion. Could I but recall the whole two Years Expence, the Loss of Time, and prevent the inevitable Destruction of a dear and tender Family, I would forgive the heavy Load of Anxiety, the daily Expectations, and the hourly Disappointments that I met with; their Frowns of Authority, their Shafts of Impunity, their Stare of Despotism, and their Sneers of Contumely; all these I could forget, but that my Wounds still bleed, and Pain begets Remembrance.

I am, dear Sir

with the

greatest respect

and sincerity

Your very humble Servant,

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

THE
INOCULATOR,
A
COMEDY
IN
THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ

PITTEM, an Inoculating Doctor

BLANDFORD, a young Gentleman in Love with
Miss DANBURY.

HIERAPICRA, PITTEM's Apothecary.

PESTLE his Servant.

JERRY, Servant to BLANDFORD's Uncle.

KNABBEM, a Bailiff.

Mrs. BUZBY, Mr. BLANDFORD in Disguise.



THE
INOCULATOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Pittem's Parlour. Pittem Solus.



WHAT a Pleasure there is in getting Money;
could we but forget we were to die, it would be
the Zenith of Felicity.

Enter Pestle.

Pestle. Sir, Mr. Blandford is below, and desires to speak
with you.

Pitt. Odds so; I am very busy too just now: Tell
him to call again by-and-by;—no, no, *Pestle, Pestle*, tell
him to walk up, do you hear?

Pestle. I will, Sir.

(Exit. Pestle.)

Pitt. What the plague does he want here again so
soon? It was but Yesterday that he was plaguing me to
Death about Miss Danbury, and if I thought he had been
come again on the same Errand, I would have sent him
Word I was sick. But here he comes.

B

Enter

Enter Blandford.

Bland. Good Morning to you, Doctor.

Pitt. Mr. *Blandford*, your very humble Servant; how do you, this dull Morning? I'Gad I was threatening to go to Bed again.

Bland. To Bed, Doctor! What before you are well up? Or have your medical Studies kept you from sleeping all Night?

Pitt. No—but I have got a nasty something hanging on my Spirits.

Bland. You're safe enough, you know; a Dog and a Doctor, know how to choose their Physic.

Pitt. An excellent Compliment! [*Aside.*] As your Kind of Gentry know how to choose the best Wh—res.

Bland. I beg your Pardon, Doctor, there is no best in the Case; the best of the bad, is not worth choosing; but if you have no more Skill in Medicines, than I have in Filles de Joye, I would not give a Fig for your Practice. 'Talking of the Fair, puts me in Mind of poor Miss *Danbury*; never was so good a Heart so much depress'd: With blooming Beauty, and a Soul angelic, she drags a Life of Woe, and keeps the Shield of Virtue on her Arm; while her Hand rejects with Scorn, the tempting Bribes of gay Debauchery.

Pitt. What then, you young Rogue, you've try'd her, I suppose? But she knew you had nothing to give her but Promises, and so thought in that Case she might as well put on the Prude as not.

Bland. Let me tell you, Doctor, that's a damn'd ill-natured Surmise, and did I not think you spoke it more out of Raillery, than Sincerity, I should for ever hold the most contemptible Opinion of you as a Man.

Pitt. Why you did not think I was in Earnest, did you, Ned?

Bland. No—If I had!

Pitt. You'd have been for running me through the Body, I suppose; but I assure you the World says strange Things of the Girl.

Bland. Aye, it is a strange World, Doctor.

Pitt. Nay, but from the many pitiful Tricks, that I have detected her in myself, I am determined to have nothing to do with her.

Bland.

Bland. You would have had (it is well known) if she would have let you.

Pitt. There's for you now! that's like her, I did imagine, indeed, (when I ceas'd to support the ungrateful Hussy, in her flaunting Expectations) she would raise some scandalous Report or other, to hurt me in my Character and Buiness. Oh, the Jade! had it not been for the great Regard I had for the Father, she should have shifted for herself long ago.

Bland. Your Regard for her Father!

Pitt. Aye, my Regard for her Father.

Bland. Why what great Regard could you have for him, when I have often heard you say he died five hundred Pounds in your Debt?

Pitt. Why tho' he was an unfortunate Man, he was an honest one, as far as his Circumstances would go.

Bland. That's one of the most grateful Confessions I ever heard you make of any Man before.

Pitt. I had ever the most favourable Opinion of every Man, and was always more inclined to hide, than expose their Misfortunes.

Bland. That's well again; so shall your own Words convict you.

Pitt. As how?

Bland. Why, if you were inclined to think the most favourably of Man, you must in Reason think the same of Woman Kind.

Pitt. And so I do.

Bland. Good again; and what has poor Miss Danbury done, that every Thought of her is bad, and your best Opinion but a sordid one?

Pitt. Aye, but Facts, my dear Ned, are Facts, and the general and perpetual Complaints of the World are Circumstances too glaring to be overlook'd.

Bland. What the World says in those Cases, ought never to be regarded; for such Reports generally arise from the inventive Gossips of a Tea table; and there is a Species of Barbarity that reigns predominant in the Breasts of the low-minded Vulgar. Whenever they perceive an Object of Merit, that was once their Envy, under the least Misfortune, they are never so happy as when doing that Person

some secret Injury, or till, by some malignant Conspiracy, they have reduced them to a State of Adversity.

Pitt. And can you say that this is her Case?

Bland. Yes, truly; for it is well known that Miss *Danbury* was (scarce three Years ago) the Admiration and Envy of the Country for ten Miles round, and now, the veriest Drab that was wont to think herself honoured with a Court'sy from her, will, with a provoking Sneer, tell her to shorten her Furbelows; and since they have found her whole Dependence is on you, they have injured her, by imposing on you some malicious Falsehood, on the mere Supposition of which, I find you are determined to complete her Misery.

Pitt. Nay, Mr. *Blandford*, it is not for that entirely, but from the very great Expence she has been to me of late, and as I find that hurts my Circumstances considerably, it is a Duty I owe myself not to let her ruin me entirely. I have made her many good Offers; nay I made Interest for her to a Gentleman and Lady who were going to *South Carolina*, where they told her she would have the greatest Opportunity in the World of making her Fortune; all which she ungratefully rejected; and as I am under no Manner of Obligation to her, or hers, I think I have done for her already what hundreds would not have done; in Truth therefore she must now shift for herself as well as she can.

Bland. Poor Girl! I can't blame her; 'tis strange so great a Tenderness Mr. *Danbury* had for her when living, that he did not make some Provision for her at his Death.

Pitt. That's the Astonishment of every one, but what could a Man do that had it not in his Power?

Bland. That is still more strange, for every Body thought him a Man of Property.

Pitt. Ah, *Ned*, you see with what Art some People can support a false Reputation, and when their Affairs come once to be laid open to Inspection, many a worthy Family that has trusted their All in their Hands, from too good an Opinion of their Circumstances, find too often a broken Back in the Consequence.

Bland. Well, I wish the dear Creature was better provided for, or that I had it in my Power to make her the happiest Woman in the Universe.

Pitt.

Pitt. How wou'd you do that?

Bland. Why, I wou'd endeavour to do it, by marrying her, and setting her above the Frowns of the World.

Pitt. And a promising Dame you wou'd get for your Pains.—Ah, *Ned.* I pity you I must confess.—But Plague on it, if you are so wonderfully smitten with the Wench, why don't you marry her.

Bland. Because I am not at present possess'd of those Requisites, that would be essential to our Happiness.

Pitt. That is a little Money, I suppose.

Bland. You suppose right; wou'd the kind Powers be pleas'd to take that dear, pious, mercenary Uncle to themselves, I should be glad to fill up his Vacancy here below, without any further Consideration.

Pitt. Aye, my dear Boy, but your Uncle takes a deal of Care of his Constitution, and is as likely to live thirty Years longer, as yourself; you shou'd have taken better Care of the last five Hundred, *Ned.*

Bland. Why I confess if I had been as penurious as you, I probably might have increas'd it to a Thousand by this Time; and neither have done myself nor any body else any Good with it.

Pitt. If you had it now I don't think you wou'd do yourself much Good with it by marrying Miss *Danbury*.

Bland. You are determin'd, I find, to do her no Good either by Word or Deed; and therefore, Doctor, I beg you wou'd not give me any more of your cool Opinions; since you cannot give her a good Word, you shall not dare to give her a bad one in my Company without the warmest Resentment.

Pitt. Well, well, mighty well then; there let it drop—there let it drop; in the Name of Goodness may not one talk of Matrimony without having one's brains beat out.—Zounds I wish—I could meet with a good wife with all my Heart.

Bland. And a special good Husband you'd make, if you thought you cou'd kill her with kindness.—If I thought you serious, now, I would help you to a good one; but what will you give me for my trouble?

Pitt. Give you?—What do you call a good one tho'?

Bland. The Lady is not very handsome to be sure, nor yet very young; but she is worth a confounded deal of Money

Money I assure you, and such a Woman can have nothing bad about her I am persuaded, at least in your Eyes.

Pitt. She cannot be bad that is certain, if she is rich; (for Money was never bestow'd on any but those that were good, and knew how to keep it when they had got it.) But how rich do you think the Lady may be?

Bland. Why, I have heard my Uncle say, that she is worth Ten Thousand Pounds at least; but don't take the least notice of it to him; for he wants to get her himself; only she thinks him rather too old. — Now such a middle-ag'd Man as you, wou'd be the very Thing. Besides she was asking me who was our best Inoculator in this Neighbourhood. I told her I knew a very infallible one, meaning you; and she has been teasing me about you ever since.

Pitt. Odds, so, but that is one of the most lucky Circumstances that cou'd have happen'd, in my Favour. Where does the Lady live, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow?

Bland. Oh no, not for the World, she has boarded some Time in a private Family in this Neighbourhood; but as the major Part of them have not had the Smallpox, it is to be kept a profound Secret.

Enter Pestle.

Pestle. Sir, there is a Gentleman below, desires to speak with you.

Pitt. Tell the Gentleman I'll wait on him immediately. [*Exit. Pestle.*] I faith *Ned* if you can bring this matter to bear, I'll make you a Present the greatest Gentleman in the Land wou'd not refuse. [*Exit. Pitt.*]

Bland. And that is a Pill, or a Dose of Physic, to take when I am sick, to make me the more so; for I know he has neither the Spirit or Resolution to do any thing like a Man; the yellow Mammon has caught his Soul, and Avarice holds his Purse Strings. I don't know what the Hopes of getting this pretended Wife may do; — but if he shou'd put me to the Proof, I don't know where I shou'd find one that would chuse to throw herself away upon him. I must do something to deceive him, hey? let me see, Egad I think I cou'd do very well for an Old Maid myself; — An excellent thought! — but what shall I do for a Dress? — a Plague on't I have Interest enough among the fair Sex to get such a Thing as that to be sure. — The Old Maid and her Money is the Thing yet; Bait for Gudgeons with Worms

Worms, and a Miser with Gold, and you are sure to catch 'em. I'll e'en go after the Doctor, and tell him I am going to the Lady directly. [Exit. Bland.]

SCENE II.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. So *Ned* is gone after the Lady. Ten Thousand Pounds! a charming Sum,—nay, a Fortune; a very good Fortune of itself—let me see; Ten Thousand Pounds; and Five Thousand of my own, makes just Fifteen Thousand Pounds;—that will certainly enable me to keep a Chariot of my own, the Thing I have been striving for these fourteen Years: for what is a Doctor without a Chariot? the Appearance of a Chariot is the Sign of good Practice; and it is a common Remark, when the World thinks you have much, you shall have more; and when but little, you shall have less. [*a Knock at the Door*] Pray walk in.

Enter Hierapicra.

O is it you, Mr. *Hierapicra*? what News, what News, any more Patients?

Hi. We have just now lost one, Sir.

Pitt. Lost one! how do you mean?

Hi. Dead Sir.

Pitt. Dead!

Hi. I assure you, Sir, it is true.

Pitt. O he must certainly have had the Itch or the King's Evil. What Noise is that? [*a disturbance without*]

Hi. *Pestle* and *Ferry* I fancy Sir, I left them in a high Dispute.

Pitt. *Pestle* and *Ferry*?

Hi. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. I wish you would send *Ferry* to me, I want to speak to him.

Hi. I will, Sir.

[Exit. *Hi.*]

Pitt. The Deuce take me but I have walk'd upon Thorns and laid upon Nettle-beds ever since I first heard of this Fortune, and I am terribly afraid that Old sly Uncle of *Ned's* will snap her up before me.

Enter

Enter Jerry,

Jerry. Did you want any Thing with me, Sir?

Pitt. Yes, my little Jerry; your Master is not at home I suppose.

Jerry. He was not when I came out.

Pitt. Pray, Jerry; (I hope it is no secret) have not you a maiden Lady, of about forty, that often pays your old Master a Visit?

Jerry. We have; Sir.

Pitt. Know you where she lives?

Jerry. A few Miles off.

Pitt. You do not know the Name of the Place then, do you?

Jerry. Why, yes I do.

Pitt. Cou'd not you inform me then?

Jerry. I should not choose to do such a Thing, without my Master's Authority.

Pitt. No!—pray what could be the Consequence?

Jerry. A very bad one, Sir, for aught I know, as she is a kind of a Sweet-heart of my old Master's, and is worth a Deal of Money; I don't know, if you shou'd find out where the Lady lives, but you may endeavour to rival him; the Consequence wou'd then be very bad on my Side, I believe.

Pitt. Why he should never know who told me.

Jerry. That he wou'd.

Pitt. 'Twill be impossible man;—he never shall from me.

Jerry. But in the Course of his Examination it won'd come to my Turn, and then I must confess, or tell him a Lie, which I will not do for you, or any Body else, and therefore, Sir, to avoid any Apprehensions of that Kind, it will be the best Way to say nothing at all about it.

Pitt. A stubborn son of a Gun. [*Aside.*] You seem to have a great Regard for your Word, Jerry, and I applaud you for it;—though I should be glad to know one Thing however, which can't be of much Consequence to you, or Danger to any Body—and that is, whether the Lady keeps much Company, or no?

Jerry. Very little, I believe.

Pitt. Hum—ah—she has a pretty good Stomach, I suppose—

Jerry.

Ferry. Sir?

Pitt. A good Stomach I say.

Ferry. A very moderate one, and as worthy a Lady as ever was born.—What a miserable Wretch! [*Aside.*]

Pitt. Is she indeed; she often gives you Money then I suppose?

Ferry. Sometimes, Sir—what a scurvy Scoundrel! [*aside*]

Pitt. Ha!

Enter Pestle.

Pestle. Sir, Mr. Blandford desires to speak with you.

[*Exit Pestle.*]

Pitt. Odds so, I'm glad of that—well *Ferry*, your Servant, I am glad to see you.

Ferry. Sir, your Servant — I am glad my young Master is come to release me, for I have been tir'd of my Company some Time. I hope he will play his Part well, and work the physical Jesuit out of a few Hundreds. [*Aside*]

[*Exit Jerry.*]

Pitt. Oh! here comes *Ned*.

Enter Blandford.

Pitt. Welcome, welcome, my dear Boy, welcome, what News, what News?

Bland. What News Doctor? why such News I believe, as will make you compleatly happy.

Pitt. Then you have seen the Lady.

Bland. Yes that I have, and to some Purpose; why she will call upon you Tomorrow herself, Man.

Pitt. Happy News indeed! —

Bland. But the Merrythought take me, now I think on't, if I did not forget to tell her your Name, and where you liv'd.

Pitt. O lack-a-day, lack-a-day now, was there ever any Thing so provoking in this World?

Bland. Nay, upon second Consideration, though, I'm glad on't.

Pitt. How so, how so, pray? that is strange indeed!

Bland. Why, because I look upon it, that were she to visit you, the Business would be half done.

Pitt. So much the better, so much the better, Man.

Bland. And pray what am I to have for my Trouble?

C

Pitt.

Pitt. Plague on't, have not I told you I would make you a handsome Present?

Bland. Yes. But what Surety have I for that but your own bare Word, which I would not take for a Shilling, where Money is concern'd. I must have your Note, Doctor, I must have your Note.

Pitt. And so you shall: I will give you a Note of five Pounds on Demand, from the very Moment she consents to marry me.

Bland. A Note of five Pounds; scandalous and pitiful!—Wretch, Devil! why thou art a very Skinflint;—five Pounds for ten Thousand! Oh, horrible, horrible! the very Summit of Meanness!—A Gentleman who knew what Influence I had over the Lady, but this very Day, offered me two hundred Pounds, only to be introduced to her—Five Pounds for ten Thousand! Doctor, your Servant. [Exit. Blandford.]

Pitt. Nay, but Mr. Blandford, hear me, hear me, [hollering after Blandford] Was there ever such a hot-headed Rascal; 'Sdeath if I should lose her now. He talks of an Offer of two hundred Pounds. A great Sum! A very great Sum! But ten Thousand!—I must outbid the Gentleman I believe; for if I should read of Miss *Such-a-one*, a maiden Lady of ten thousand Pounds being married to—oh, I shall go distracted; the very Thought of losing such a Prize is worse than being the next to the 10,000l. Lottery Ticket—But he is gone—Where's *Pestle* [rings the Bell and calls] *Pestle!* *Pestle!*—From Fears and Apprehensions I cannot keep a Bone of me still. *Pestle!* I say; the Devil pound the Fellow, he can't hear—*Pest—t—le—*

Pest. [without.] Who calls?

Pitt. *Pestle!*

Pest. [entering.] I, I, I'm a coming, Sir.

Pitt. Come along, then, you deaf-headed Booby.

Pest. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. Yes, Sir—what a Plague is come to the Fellow? Run after Mr. Blandford, and tell him that I beg he would come back—*run, run.*

Pest. O, yes, Sir! it has been *done* some Time.

Pitt. Done! what's done, you Puppy, you? what are you talking of?

Pest. Sir—

Pitt.

[II]

Pitt. I shall go distracted,—go to Mr. *Blandford*,—no, no, no, go to the Devil you hammer-headed Rascal, and I'll go myself. [Exit Pittem.]

Pestle. Poor Master is in a Passion, I doubt, and talks of going to the Devil, but mortar me if I follow him.

[Exit Pestle.]

The End of the first ACT.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Blandford Solus.

I'M glad my fair one approves of my intended Stratagem, however; but her Father's Letter astonishes me; it is strange she never shew'd it me before; he informs her, (but three Hours before his Death) that he had provided for her very handsomely; instead of that we find her destitute and forlorn; and, by what I understand, *Pittem* was the only person that attended him in his latest Hours, *Death, there must have been foul Play. *Pittem* is either an errant Knave, or her Father must have deceived her; but when I compare the two Characters, the first Surmise carries with it many glaring Circumstances, and the latter seems improbable; I will not rest till I am satisfied.

Enter Pestle with a Letter.

Pestle. Sir, my Master desired I would give this Letter into your own Hands.

Bland. Very well—is he at home?

Pestle. Yes, Sir.

[Ex. Pestle.]

Blandford reads.

Dear Ned.

I Have considered of your Proposal, and shall be glad to see you on that Business directly; I shall object to nothing that may prove to your Advantage.

Your humble Servant,

Tobias Pittem.

Ho!

Ho! ho! have I touch'd you my little Skin-flint?—This is an excellent Stratagem I find; but there must be no Time lost in this Affair; 'tis the best Time to catch a Fox when he is hungry; and so I'll be with you, my little Doctor, in a Crack. [Ex. Blandford.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pittem and Pestle.

Pitt. So *Pestle*, you saw Mr. *Blandford*?

Pest. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. And what did he say to you?

Pest. Mortar me, Sir, if I heard him say any Thing at all; I saw him open his Mouth and nod his Head, as much as to say it was very well;——

Pitt. But did not he seem pleas'd?

Pest. I did not stay to see, Sir, 'cause I thought it would be ill Manners.

Pitt. Poh, Pox, you Blockhead you!

Pest. What do you say, Sir, has he got the Small Pox? —poor Soul he had better have been inoculated.

[A Knock at the Door.]

Pitt. Go and see who is at the Door, make haste, [Exit *Pestle*] What a blunder-headed Puppy 'tis;—his Deafness is of little Inconveniency to me, however;—for as Secrets are generally whisper'd, there is but little Danger of his hearing any, and less of his telling 'em; and this Country is the very Mart for Scandal.

Re-enter Pestle.

Pest. Sir, Mr. *Blandford* desires to speak with you.

Pitt. Tell him to walk up. [Exit *Pestle*.] Plague on it what a flutter I'm in, were I going to receive a Challenge I could not be worse. But here he comes.

Enter Blandford.

Mr. *Blandford*, I'm sorry I made ——

Bland. Pray Doctor make no Ceremony, there is no Occasion for it.

Pitt. I'm glad on't; I was afraid I should have found you as I left you, full of Gun-powder.

Bland.

Bland. No, no, Doctor, your Letter stopt all Fear of Explosion.

Pitt. To tell you the Truth, I was under great Apprehensions of your accepting of the Gentleman's Proposal that you told me of.

Bland. No, Doctor, though I received a letter from the Gentleman (since I saw you last) importuning me in the most pressing Manner, to introduce him; yet, from the Regard I bear you, I was determin'd to give you the Preference, and intended to have waited a Day or two till you had better consider'd the Matter.

Pitt. That was acting the Friend indeed! but to the Purpose my dear Boy; you read my Letter I presume?

Bland. I did.

Pitt. And have you any Objection to a couple of Hundreds?

Bland. Not the least.

Pitt. Then I think I have nothing to fear; no Doubt of Success.

Bland. None in the World.

Pitt. Flea me, but I shall think every Hour an Age till I see her.

Bland. So I suppose.

Pitt. Had I not better go give her an Invitation myself; as I am an utter Stranger to the Lady, she'll undoubtedly expect that Compliment?

Bland. I beg you would not think of such a Thing, but blefs your Stars that she has consented to visit you; for as I have been acquainted with her from my Infancy, I think myself a tolerable Judge of her Disposition.

Pitt. Well, I shall be advis'd by you.

Bland. If you hope to succeed, I beg you would; one material Thing I should advise you to, that is, not to make above twelve Hours Courtship on't, for I have often heard her say she could never bear to be courted above a Day. And this Resolution she has taken (I am inform'd) from being crost in her first Love.

Pitt. That is an excellent Notion, I assure her;—for I should hate one of your plaguy long Courtships myself; to have an hundred Fallings-out, and Fallings-in, in a Week; flying like Cats at one-another To-day, and breaking
one's

Heart to make it up again To-morrow. 'Sdeath I long to see her.

Bland. I'll cure you of your Longing To-morrow.

Pitt. To-morrow ?

Bland. Aye, To-morrow.

Pitt. O brave ? it will be necessary to know what Time To-morrow, that I may be the better prepar'd for her Reception ?

Bland. About Six, I fancy.

Pitt. What, in the Morning ?

Bland. No hardly, Doctor ; ha, ha, ha, surely you'll be able to survive your Impatience till the Afternoon.

Pitt. You'll come with her then, won't you ?

Bland. Not I, indeed ; you'll court best by yourselves—Well, Doctor, your Servant, I've got a little Business to do for my Uncle, and must be gone ; I shall hardly see you again, till you have seen the Lady. [*Blandford going.*]

Pitt. Bye, bye, well Success attend thee.

Bland. [*returning*] But Doctor, Doctor ; there is one material Matter to settle before I go ;—the Note, Doctor, the Note.

Pitt. O lack a day ! right, very right as you say.——I was in Hopes he had forgot that. [*Aside.*]

Bland. And another Thing I have to hint to you, which will prove more to your Advantage than mine.

Pitt. I'm all Attention.

Bland. You must know I owe the Sum of 200*l.* to Mrs. Buzby—

Pitt. Buzby ?

Bland. That is the Lady's Name ;—now I shall give the Note to her, and pay off my Debt ; and if she should desire you to make it into Money To-morrow, to shew her what a Principle you bear, you may pay it her, which will be only paying to receive again you know, Doctor.

Pitt. With all my Heart ; follow me into the next Room and I'll give you the Note directly.

Exeunt Pittem and Blandford.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Jerry with a Portmanteau.

Jerry. Lie thou there [*throwing the Portmanteau on the Ground*] I'll e'en rest me a little—Mercy upon me, what a Parcel of Things have I got! a Gown from one, a Petticoat from another, Ruffles and Caps, and the Plague knows what from another.—Odds my Life, but here comes *Pestle*.

Enter Pestle.

Pestle. Ah, Master *Jerry*; what is your Load too much for you; or are you (like the Man in the Story Book) praying to *Jacob* to carry it for you?

Jerry. To *Jacob*? a pretty Story indeed—to *Jove*, you Fool you.

Pestle. To *Job*?

Jerry. To *Jove*, I say.

Pestle. To *Jove*! ha, ha, ha; to *Jove* indeed, where will you find such a word in the Bible?

Jerry. In the Bible?—I'm wrong too I believe, I should have said *Harcus*. *[Aside*

Pestle. Aye, in the Bible.

Jerry. What do you make a Story Book of the Bible?—Pray let us have no more of your Nonsense; what do you think of your Master's being marry'd To-morrow;—how do you like that Story?

Pestle. Why very well if it should prove a true one, and I believe there is something in it too! if he should get him a Wife, I hope she will teach him to keep a better House than he does at present;—our Bellies and Dishes are generally empty.

Jerry. I hate such mean spirited Chaps; I'd sooner take a Voyage to the *Indies* than serve such a miserable Devil.

Pestle. Why I have some Thought of leaving him to tell you the Truth, and set up for myself.

Jerry. Set up for what?

Pestle. Why a *Noculator*, a Doctor.

Jerry. You! a Doctor? ha, ha, ha; you might spread the Infection, I believe, but you could never cure it, I am sure.

Pestle.

Pestle. You are mistaken, *Jerry*, you are mistaken, I have got the Secret.

Jerry. The Secret ! what of poisoning People ? that's a common Secret enough, any body knows that.

Pestle. I wish I had the poisoning of you for your ill Opinion. Pray why may not I hope for Success as well as my Master ? once upon a Time he knew no more than myself.

Jerry. Nay, as for that Matter, I don't think he knows much more now.

Pestle. Why, as you say, I know a great deal ; I had as good Learning as ever he had ; I learnt Multiplication, Extraction——Mortar me, but here he comes.

Jerry. Mortar me but here I go then, if that's the Case [*takes up his portmantua*] and so Mr. *Pestle*, your Servant.
[Exit *Jerry*.]

Enter *Pittem*.

Pitt. Where have you been, you Blockhead, all this Time ? I have wanted you to go of a hundred Errands for me.

Pestle. Sir, I was here.

Pitt. You was here, pray what Business had you here ?

Pestle. I—I—I—only—Sir, you've got a Hole in your Stocking.

Pitt. And what's that to you ?

Pestle. No, Sir, no, it's nothing new.

Pitt. You impudent Scoundrel you, I'll break your Head—what do you mean by that ?

Pestle. Nothing, Sir.

Pitt. Nothing, Sir ?—I believe you've more Meaning than you seem to have [*aside*] but since you've put me in Mind on't, you may as well go and buy me a new Pair ;—Here's two Shillings, let 'em be good ones, do you hear,—Stay, here's Sixpence more. I may as well have the best Pair at once, now I am about it, especially as I shall have Company Tomorrow.

Exit Pestle.

Ned, I suppose, thinks I'll be a mighty great Friend to him now, for this Recommendation—No, no, the Devil a Bit, I've no Notion of hurting myself by too much Good Nature. But if my Wife should cuckold me, I shall get my-

myself finely laugh'd at: — Never mind that, I shall have a Salve for that Sore,

My budding Horns shall never give me Pain,
Ten Thousand Pounds will hide the darkeſt Stain.

The End of the Second ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Peſtle.

Peſtle. **W**AS there ever ſuch a narrow-foul'd mean-ſpirited Creature as my Maſter! He has promiſed me an old Coat of his this Twelve-month, which has been thread-bare theſe two Years; and never had the Heart to part with it yet; he's got a Lady coming To-day too, and I'm as ragged as a *Braintree* Beggar, I ſhall be aſhamed to be ſeen by any Body. It's my Opinion he's afraid I ſhall rival him, becauſe he knows that when I am dreſs'd, I look more like a Gentleman than himſelf. But here he comes.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Run to the Door, *Peſtle*, Some body knocks.

Peſt. Yes, Sir.

[*Ex. Peſtle.*

Pitt. If it ſhould be Mrs. *Buzby*, now—let me ſee, let me ſee—what Time is it?—[*looks at his Watch.*] paſt ſix, by *Jupiter*! I think I look pretty well, ſhe can't find Fault with my Dreſs.

Re-enter Peſtle in a Hurry.

Peſt. Sir there is a Lady would be glad to ſpeak to you.

Pitt. Hey, a Lady! Did you aſk the Lady's Name?

Peſt. Yes, Sir, it's Mrs. *Buzgig*.

Pitt. *Buzgig*, you Blockhead, *Buzby*.

D

Peſt.

Pest. Yes, Sir.

Pitt. Run, give my Compliments to the Lady, and desire her to walk up. Now for my own Honour, and the Honour of the Faculty, Zounds I've got the Palpitation of a Boy of sixteen, 'Sdeath but here she comes, and a fine Presence indeed.—A Gentlewoman every Inch of her take my Word for it.

Enter Mrs. Buzby.

Mrs. Buz. Sir your Servant, you'll excuse my troubling you with a Visit?—

Pitt. Pray Madam, I beg Madam, you wou'd not begin to apologize, the Honour you do my poor House, is a Pleasure, unspeakable Pleasure, Madam.

Mrs. Buz. O Sir, I beg you wou'd not make me ashamed of myself.

Pitt. O confound it what have I said now. [*Aside*] so that I do not make you ashamed of me, I shall be happy, [*Tumbles backwards over a Chair, in making his Obedience with an extraordinary Air, Mrs. Buzby cries out.*]

Pitt. I have made her ashamed of me now, and to some Purpose [*Aside and getting up*]

Mrs. Buz. I hope Sir you have not hurt yourself.

Pitt. Not in the least Madam, not in the least, I hope you will excuse my putting you in a Fright.

Mrs. Buz. O my dear Sir, accidents are unavoidable; Perhaps you are in Love Sir; if so it may be easily accounted for; that Rogue *Cupid* generally leads his People blindfold, for we often read of a Gentleman or a Lady's falling into a River, or, (from the meer Imagination they are losing their Loves) tumbling out of a two Pair of Stairs Window.

Pitt. I do assure you, Madam, if I am in love, 'tis with no one but yourself.

Mrs. Buz. With me, Sir! in love with me? I am confident, Sir, there is nothing about me, so attracting, that can kindle the least Affection, at least from so short an Interview.

Pitt. Ha! Diffidence, Diffidence, Madam, often makes Merit look too coolly on itself.

Mrs. Buz. Why true, Sir, true, 'tis very certain where there is real Ability, Diffidence is sure to oppress it, and Judgment is often referr'd to the vain and talkative Coxcomb, while it sets doubtful and timorous in the Breast of
Mo-

Modesty,—But don't think, Sir, I meant to pay myself a Compliment by such an Observation.

Pitt. I do not imagine you did, Madam, but give me Leave to say, it is a very sensible, a nay a very excellent Observation indeed, Madam.—What a charming Tongue she has, if I should loose her now, I shall wish I'd never seen her. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Buz. But Love, Sir, was not the Business I came here upon, it was of another Nature; my Business was of another Nature, quite.

Pitt. No to be sure, Madam, I had not the Vanity to imagine it was Love. Pray, Madam, what might it be?

Mrs. Buz. Inoculation, Sir;—I have been under the greatest Apprehensions of catching the Small-pox, for this Month past, it being almost so generally spread about the Country; and as my Cousin *Ned* has persuaded me that you have discovered a most infallible Method of eradicating that malignant Disorder, I have made bold to visit you on that Business.

Pitt. Madam I am infinitely oblig'd to Mr. *Blandford* for his kind and generous Recommendation, and more so to you, Madam, for imbibing so good an Opinion of me.—But I cou'd wish, pardon me, Madam, I cou'd wish you wou'd consent to evade the Subject of Inoculation a few Minutes, and dwell a little longer on that more excellent Topic, Love.

Mrs. Buz. Sir if you can convince me that the Danger of the one is not more imminent to me, than the other is to you, I shall very readily comply with your Request.

Pitt. Then, Madam, I fancy I shall prevail with you.

Mrs. Buz. Pray explain yourself, Sir.

Pitt. Does your Apprehensions of the Small-pox give you at present any real Pain?

Mrs. Buz. I can't say it does, Sir.

Pitt. But mine of Love, Madam, really does.

Mrs. Buz. How can that be, Sir, even supposing me the Object of your Affections, since both Passions proceed from Fear, yours of losing what you never had, and there it ends. Mine, of catching that I wou'd not wish to have; which may possibly end in Death? But however, Sir, since you are so very desirous of continuing the Theme of

Love, I'll e'en set aside my Apprehensions a few Minutes, and listen to you.—I fancy it will be best to get that Part over first, least I should be discovered before I nail him for the two hundred. *(Aside.)*

Pitt. Such a Condescension, Madam, bespeaks you every Thing that's amiable.

Mrs. Buz. Sir, if I thought I was really so in your Eyes, I would endeavour to return the Compliment in the best Manner I cou'd.

Pitt. If there was any other Way in the World more expressive than simple Words, I wish I knew it, that I might convince you, Madam, I really think you,—nay, you really are, the most amiable Lady I ever met with in my Life, and the only Woman I ever yet wish'd my Wife.

Mrs. Buz. Sir!

Pitt. Pardon me, Madam, if my Passion hath made my Tongue o'er-run the Bounds of Decency; if I have offended you, Madam, I beg your Pardon,—but hope you will forgive me.

Mrs. Buz. I believe the Doctor is in Love with me indeed. *(Aside.)* Sir, I forgive you with all my Heart, but can't help thinking it the strangest Thing in the World, that so slight an Acquaintance shou'd breed so strong an Affection.

Pitt. O Madam, the very illustrious Character Mr. Blandford has often given you to me, made me almost in Love with you before you came; but since I have seen you, I am in Love indeed, to find you so far exceed the best of Characters.

Mrs. Buz. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to my Cousin Ned; but must confess he has always been very liberal in his Commendations of you.

Pitt. I am equally obliged to Mr. Blandford, Madam, but am afraid you have found that he has said more in my Behalf, than you find true.

Mrs. Buz. Sir, I must confess I don't find that he hath deceived me in the least.

Pitt. Madam, you make me very happy, indeed.

Mrs. Buz. I'm glad on't Sir, and should be very glad if it were in my Power to make you always so.

Pitt. That it is in your Power, Madam, there is nothing so sure.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Buz.* Then, Sir, you may depend upon it, I will do my utmost.

Pitt. But suppose, Madam, nothing would make me so but your own Person and Liberty.

Mrs. *Buz.* Sir, I should have no Objectoin of resigning them both, were I sure they would make you happy.

Pitt. I would venture my Happiness, nay my Life, Madam, on such a Resignation; if you would venture to give me your Hand on this fair Promise, I shall be completely happy.

Mrs. *Buz.* Then here it is with all my Heart; for to tell you the Truth, Sir, I have long been tired of the Appellation of old Maid, and most terribly afraid of dying one.

Pitt. (*Takes her Hand and kisses it with great Eagerness.*) And I do assure you, Madam, the musty and fulsome Name of old Bachelor has been no less hateful to me, nor do I care how soon I get rid of it.

Mrs. *Buz.* Though I can't help thinking but I have made too brief a Capitulation; Forwardness in Women generally gives Disgust. But to be plain, you must know, Sir, I hate to be courted; the Hey-day of Youth is over in me; about sixteen or seventeen Years, I us'd to take a Pleasure in denying, on purpose to obtain a Number of new and useless Solicitations, 'till at last I teaz'd my Lovers out of Patience.

Pitt. Well I declare to you, Madam, I have been serv'd so twenty times, for I never pay'd my Addresses to a young Lady in my Life, but before I could settle my Affections, she tired my Patience with a feign'd Coyness, giving me the greatest Encouragement To-day, and Tomorrow wou'd hardly look at me, 'till I had dangled from Morning to Night after her, and all the Excuse she had for it was,—I should not think her too forward, but I soon let her see I could be as capricious as herself, and so broke her Acquaintance with a cool billet-doux, and farewell.

Mrs. *Buz.* I can't help thinking this Visit was an arch Design of my Cousin *Ned's*, and to get us acquainted with no other View, than what it has turn'd out; He's a strange Creature! he has great good Nature, but it is great Pity he
has

has not a little more Economy in regard to his Pocket; money's like chaff to him, it flies with every wind that blows.

Pitt. O that's an unpardonable Sin, Madam, in my Opinion.

Mrs. Buz. And in mine too, Sir; though his great Fault is, I believe, being too charitable; he pretends that when he sees a Friend or a Neighbour in Distress, he can't sleep 'till he has reliev'd 'em.

Pitt. Ah, that's an abominable Fault; for what is another's Poverty to me? let every one take Care of themselves I say. Besides, giving to the Poor is the most unprofitable Way of bestowing Charity in the World; you are sure of never having any Return.

Mrs. Buz. True, Sir, very true; I've been obliged to lend him Money, at different Times, to the Amount of two hundred Pounds, though it went very much against me to do it, had he not been a pretty near Relation, I wou'd not have done it on any Account. But he has certainly a deal of good Nature; and I know too that he'll pay when he has it, for I lent him a hundred and twenty Pounds before, and I must say he pay'd me very honestly again, with good Interest into the Bargain. But if I could get him to pay the good two hundred Pounds he owes me now, I should hardly risk any more with him, I think.

Pitt. I'm glad to find you are come to that Resolution, Madam, I assure you—once or twice a Person may do a good natur'd Thing, but I'd have 'em beware of the third Time, least they be flung at last.

Mrs. Buz. He has now given me a Note of two hundred Pounds on you, Sir; I'm amaz'd to think what he can have done for it.

Pitt. Why it was a particular Kind of Business to be sure, Madam, the Purport of which I shall make bold to acquaint you with some other Opportunity.

Mrs. Buz. I have no very great Relish for Secrets, Sir.

Pitt. Then you are not a Native of this Country I am sure, Madam; for the People here make it as great a Merit to discover the Secrets of their Neighbours, as the Astronomers do to discover new Spots in the Sun, and take as great a Pride in declaring 'em to the World.

Mrs. Buz. That's a very despicable Character. Pray what Time of the Day is it? I must begin to think of going,
I pro.

I promis'd to call on a Lady in my Way home, upon some very particular Business. I should be glad now to know your Terms of Inoculation. Perhaps it is not convenient just now, Sir, to pay the Note I mentioned.

Pitt. Quite so, quite so, Madam, I have it at Hand, I am never so happy as when my Debts are pay'd..

Mrs. Buz. Nay, as for that Matter, if it had not been convenient, you need not have been under any Uneasiness on my Account, Sir; it will save me the Trouble of sending to my Banker's To-morrow, that's all.

Pitt. Here it is, Madam.

Mrs. Buz. And here is your Note, Sir, with a Receipt in full on the Back.

Pitt. Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you.

Mrs. Buz. O, Sir, it is I that am oblig'd. [*Puts it in her Pocket.*]

Pitt. Now, Ma'am, now for Inoculation; when shall you be ready to prepare.

Mrs. Buz. Immediately, Sir.

Pitt. Very well, Madam; you shall have your Medicines To-morrow Morning.

Mrs. Buz. My Heart almost fails me already I declare.

Pitt. My dear Madam you need not be under the least Apprehensions of Danger. It is the mildest undertaking in the World. I have had some hundred thousands under my Hands, but never had a Patient, while under the Operation, that had the least Apprehensions of Death, nor one that ever made the least Complaint since they left me.

Mrs. Buz. Amazing!

Pitt. It is amazing, indeed, Madam; but you must imagine I have taken no small Pains in the Studies of Physicks and Metaphysicks, to have made a Discovery of this Nature.

Mrs. Buz. That is very apparent, Sir.

Pitt. I do assure you, Madam, it has been a Work of thirty Years Study. I have spared no Pains in consulting the best Authors, and was at a vast Expence in travelling for Experience, to the most celebrated Capitals in *Europe*, and am happy to find at last that my Endeavours were not thrown away, but that my Discovery has proved of such general Utility.

Mrs.

Mrs. Buz. What an excellent Knack the Doctor has at lying. (*Aside.*) There is nothing more conducive to Happiness, than the general Approbation of the Public, nor nothing so hard to obtain.

Pitt. Very well observ'd indeed, Madam, but I can very well say, with a favourite Aurhor of mine "Successo felicitatibusque." And in another Part, where he compares a great Genius to a Sky-rocket, "Skirockitum Skirocteribus."

Mrs. Buz. So, so, the Doctor is going to purge me with Dog-Lat'n. (*Aside.*) Your Author's Excellence is thrown away upon me, Sir, I am quite a Stranger to Latin; French was always my favourite Language, I ever considered Latin as too masculine a Study for the Ladies.

Pitt. Madam, there's such a Melody in the Sounds!—but as you say, Madam, it may be too masculine for the Ladies, too sonorous.

Enter Pestle.

Pest. Sir, Mrs. Bugg bid me tell you she was a-going, and desire you wou'd let her have the Lotion with her.

Pitt. Tell her I'll wait on her directly. (*Exit Pestle.*) You must know, Madam, the Lady is now and then troubled with a Pimple, and she is terribly afraid of spoiling her Face; I promis'd her something to prevent 'em, and I dare say she would not go without it for the World.

Mrs. Buz. I am sometimes troubled with 'em myself; though I am not afraid that they'll spoil my Beauty, I assure you, Sir, — but have you really a Medicine of that Kind.

Pitt. A most infallible one, Madam, which beautifies the Skin, amazingly, for which I have had the King's Patent long since.

Mrs. Buz. You must have a wonderful Knowledge in your Profession, Sir, to have been able to make so many great and useful Discoveries.

Pitt. Tolerable, Madam, tolerable.

Mrs. Buz. And so you have obtain'd a Patent, Sir? I should like vastly to see the Nature of a Thing of that Kind.

Pitt. Shou'd you, Madam?

Mrs. Buz. I should, Sir, I must confess.

Pitt.

Pitt. With your Leave, Madam, I'll just go and send *Mrs. Bugg* off, and bring it with me.

Mrs. Buz. Sir I am aſham'd of giving you the Trouble.

Pitt. Not any Trouble, not the leaſt I aſſure you, Madam. [*Ex.* *Pittem.*]

Mrs. Buzby, ſolus.

Mrs. Buz. What a ridiculous Lyar he is ! he knows no more of Medicine, than a Rat-catcher ; about four Years ago he was nothing but a Horſe-doctor, or a Cow-leech ; I think I have nail'd the Fox though, but the ſooner I'm off the better I fancy. Here he comes again.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Here, Madam, is my Patent—Odds, fo, hey ! I am miſtaken, I fancy ; Poh, Pox, what a Blockhead am I ! I've brought the Leaſe of my Houſe, [*lays it on the Table.*] Excuse me, Madam, and I'll fetch the Patent in a Minute. (*Exit Doctor*) *Mrs. Buzby takes up the Leaſe (as ſhe imagines)*

Mrs. Buz. Now, thank my Stars, I have ſecur'd my Prize —But I wiſh I was fairly out of the Houſe—and yet my Heart is wounded at the Deed, and tells me I'm to blame. The Doctor has forgot his Leaſe (*takes up the Leaſe, as ſhe ſuppoſes, and opens it.*) Ah ! what is here ! by all my Hopes, *Mr. Danbury's Will !* ——— O thou pernicious Fiend ! —Yes, thou curs'd Villain, it is a Leaſe which thou ſhalt hold no more. What ſhall I do ? I'll ſecure me this, however ; and if he aſks me for it, I'll diſown it ; I ſhall hate to trifle longer in this Diſguiſe. But here he comes.

Re-enter Pittem.

Pitt. I proteſt, Madam, I am quite aſham'd of myſelf, I have miſlaid my Patent by ſome Accident or other, and cannot find it ; if it were not for the Fear of tiring your Patience, Madam, I would go and make farther Search.

Mrs. Buz. O by no Means, Sir, another Opportunity will do quite as well ; ———beſides, Sir, I cannot poſſibly ſtay any longer, I ſhall be benighted, and I am one of the moſt fearful Creatures in Nature.

E

Pitt.

Pitt. May Health and Happiness go with you, Madam,
good Night, good Night. [Exit Mrs. Buzby.]

Pittam Solus.

A charming Lady! an excellent Lady! upon my Word; I have won her (as the Player says) all the World to Nothing; what a lucky Dog I am! But she has smit me, she has smit me to the very Heart, and I love her from Top to Toe; now for my Chariot! and then I shall have nothing to take Care of but my Health, and pray for a long Life; let me see who shall I employ to make it? hum—O my old Friend Mr. *Skeleton*, in *Long-acre*, he has got half a Score of Children, and I'll insist upon his having them all Inoculated in Return; a good Thought, a good Thought, there is nothing like making one's Thought turn out to Account, I'll take care Nobody shall get too much by me; I am never under the Necessity of laying out Money, but I can always find out some Way to get Part of it return'd again.

Scene the Street. Enter Jerry and Pestle.

Jerry. And so you have taken a House then, hey?

Pestle. Aye and a good House too, I assure you.

Jerry. A good House? how do you mean?

Pestle. Why you must know I hired it of a Methodist Preacher of my Acquaintance, that has lost his Flock, poor Soul, it was formerly a preaching House, he was glad to part with it I believe, for you must know I have got the whole House and Pulpit into the Bargain for Twenty Shillings a Year.

Jerry. How many rooms have you got in it tho'?

Pestle. Why let me see, there is the Preaching Room, that's one; a Room over that, that's two; then three's the Wash house, that's three; and one of the most snugest Rooms over that, that's four; a Stable and Hay-loft, which makes as you may say six Rooms.

Jerry. And all for Twenty Shillings a Year!

Pestle. What do you say it's dear?

Jerry.

Ferry. No, I think it is very cheap. But if the World should expect you to write a *Treatise* by-and-by, what will you do then?

Pestle. Why I can easily get Somebody to write it for me, when I have Money, and I shall get Laps full of that when I set up for myself.

Enter Pittem.

Pitt. Set up for yourself, ha, set up for yourself! what's the reason you can't keep within call? I must forever have you to seek when I want you; I do assure if you serve me so again, I'll send you about your Business. Pray get you in.

[*Exit. Pestle.*]

I shall be glad if you wou'd not keep my Man from his Business so often. [*to Ferry.*] It wou'd better become you to stay at Home methinks and mind your Master's Business Sirrah.

[*Exit Pittem.*]

Ferry. Why you are a scurvy Fellow for your Pains now, If you had stay'd a little longer with your Sauce, in my Opinion I should have been provok'd to have given you both a hearty Trimming. Blessings on him, here comes my young Master, I long to hear what News.

Enter Blandford, and Knabbem the Bum-Bailiff.

Bland. O here's *Ferry*;—you Rogue you I've been in great want of you.

Ferry. I'm glad you have found me Master, I hope it is not too late to do you some Service —But I long to know how you have cook'd the Doctor [*Whispers Blandford*]

Bland. Stay you hereabout with *Knabbem* within call, and I'll make a Man of you yet *Ferry*. You shall know all presently.

[*Exeunt Blandford at one Door, and Jerry and Knabbem at another.*]

Scene Pittem's Parlour.

Pitt. Here, here, I got another Letter from that plaguy Girl. I wish with all my Heart, I could get her transported, and then I should be easy.

Enter

Enter Pestle.

Pestle. Sir there's Mr. *Blandford* below, desires to speak with you.

Pitt. I wish the Devil had him, I thought he would be here again, I've a good Mind to deny myself to him, he can be of no Service to me now. I'll see him this once and affront him, that he may not trouble me any more [*Aside*] tell him to walk up. [*Exit Pestle.*]

What can have become of my Lease, it gives me a deal of uneasiness to think I have lost it so strangely.

Enter Blandford.

Bland. Doctor how do you, Egad I am devilish tired, but was determin'd to call and give you joy, I don't doubt but you have made a Conquest of the Lady.

Pitt. Why yes *Ned*, I think I have settled that Business.

Bland. I give you joy, Doctor I give you joy, and now I think I may venture to intreat you to do some little Service for poor Miss *Hetty*.

Pitt. I tell you Mr. *Blandford* again and again, I will have nothing to do with the Huzzy, and I am sorry to tell you that you are become very troublesome yourself, for soliciting in her behalf.

Bland. Then I am sorry that I am under the Necessity of telling you, that you are an ungrateful Scoundrel.

Pitt. You are a very impertinent Fellow Sir, and I desire you wou'd leave my House this Minute, and never dare to set foot in it again.

Bland. I will, but not before I have convinc'd you that you are the greatest and most ungrateful Knave on Earth.

Pitt. I'll make you suffer for this Language, how dare you call me a Knave, Sir?

Bland. How dare I? I'll tell you how I dare; because I have found you to be an arrant Knave and Villian,

Pitt. This is not to be borne. Here *Hierapicra*, *Pestle*; [*Enter Hierapicra and Pestle*] I desire you wou'd take this Scoundrel by the Neck and Heels and turn him out of my House?

Bland. What ho; *Knabben*, *Ferry*, hollo'! [*Enter Jerry and Knabben.*] secure this Villain, this notorious Thief. [*Locks the Doors, Hierapicra and Pestle stand astonish'd.*]

Pitt.

Pitt. What do you intend to murder me! O Mrs. *Buzby*, Mrs *Buzby*!

Bland. I was Mrs. *Buzby*, that thou wouldst have deceiv'd with a Thousand scandalous Falshoods.

Pitt. Thou Mrs. *Buzby*, what dost take me for a Fool?

Bland. Yes, but a knavish one, let me have been Mrs. *Buzby*, or no, you made me a Present of 200*l.* this Afternoon, and here it is.

Pitt. O Thief! Thief! give me my Note, or I'll have thee hang'd.

Bland. Thou art the Thief; this thou gavest me, which I will bestow to them thou owest it to, Miss *Danbury*.

Pitt. Owe it her?

Bland. Yes owe it her.

Pitt. I say it is false; O I shall go mad.

Bland. I say it is true.

Pitt. Thou art a lying Knave; and I'll have thee hang'd for stealing my Note.

Bland. Thou art a most infamous Fiend and I'll have thee hang'd for robbing a Lady of her whole Fortune.

Pitt. What Lady, thou Murderer, thou Cutpurse, what Lady?

Bland. Miss *Danbury*.

Pitt. She a Huzzy, she a Fortune.

Bland. Yes thou Wretch, and here it is, here is the Lease thou left behind.

Pitt. My Lease, O thou Thief! hast stole that too?

Bland. Look at it, do you know it?

Pitt. [*He starts.*] O horrible, horrible! what have I done? what a curst Mistake was this! I thought the Flames had received that, and I have certainly burnt my Lease in its stead. [*aside*] he endeavours to snatch it out of Blandford's hands.

Bland. Hold Caitif, thou hast missed thy Aim, thou shalt never see it more [*he endeavours to make his Escape*] secure him [*Knabben and Jerry hold him*]

Knabben. Doctor you are my Prisoner. [*the Doctor shews great Confusion and Horror*]

Pitt. At whose Suit, pray?

Knabben. Mr. *Blandford's*, for five thousand Pounds, and three Years Interest.

Pitt. Mr. *Blandford* has no Business with her Fortune, or the Will, he only wants to cheat her.

Bland.

Bland. Villain 'tis false, I have Business with 'em both, she is my Wife, my dear and lawful Wife, and you shall find I will use my Authority in her Behalf.

Pitt. O dreadful, dreadful! O what a Turn is here! I shall die raving mad, my whole Frame is convuls'd already.

Bland. Now Doctor, you may see that Justice was better acquainted with you, than you was with her, and tho' you thought you could have flung her, you are deceiv'd, for she is always at an honest Man's Heart, and a Knave's Elbow.

Pitt. O Mr. *Blandford*, I am convinc'd, I am convinc'd indeed, but pray on my Knees, I beg you will spare my Life.

Bland. And can you wish to live, beneath such a Load of Ignominy? remember what Cruelty thou hast been guilty of, to one of the dearest of Women, and then beg to die; but if the Law will shew thee Mercy, I shall be satisfied; in such a Case I wou'd have you to transport yourself to *South Carolina*, or some distant Land, that your Name may never be heard of more; you will stand a greater Chance of making your Fortune there, than my poor innocent Girl, whom thou wanted to force thither, by starving her to it, whilst thou wouldst have basely enjoy'd her Fortune here. O savage Barbarity! the very Thought on't fills me with Vengeance, can such a Wretch as thou art, hope for Mercy, Justice would accuse me of Ingratitude, and forsake me, were I not to punish thee. Take him away, let her be obey'd

Pitt. O dear, dear Mr. *Blandford*.

Bland. Out hypocrite, once more I beg you to carry him away.

Jerry. Now *Pestle*, you will make your Fortune, you have all the Business to yourself; come, come along, Doctor, I long to get rid of you. [*Exeunt Pitt, Jerry, Knabbem, and Pestle.*]

Knaves self-secure, may for a Season thrive,
And like the Fox their roguish Tricks survive,
Till Justice hunts 'em from their latent Holds,
And to the World their Knavery unfolds;
In vain they seek for Peace, in vain they try,
To 'scape unseen, her penetrating Eye.

T H E E N D.



POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

An Epistle to D. G. Esq;

MAY I not hope your Patience will endure
 The plain-wrought Offering of a Muse obscure.
 For once be pleas'd set Ceremony by,
 Nor think me wanting in Sincerity
 Because I've sent no stale Apology ;
 Say, shall it be less welcome 'cause it came
 Signatur'd by one beneath th' Heed of Fame?
 Reduc'd by Fortune to an humble State,
 Deny'd by Genius ever to be great.

Alas! I'm lost in thinking what to say,
 'Till Thought kills Thought and drives my Muse away :
 At length I doze, and wander in my Dreams,
 Hunting new Epithets, Sentiments and Themes;
 Then pleas'd I wake, but find my Treasures flown,
 Before my eager Hand can set 'em down.

How hard to please myself—what shall I do
 In such a Case, how please the World and you!

F

My

My fancy breeds apace, no Mortal's more,
 But then the Produce proves so very poor,
 'Twill scarce deserve Admittance at your Door,
 My Days, thank Fate, are well employ'd; at Night
 I spin a Rhime or two by Candle-light.

To aim at Fame is dangerous indeed;
 Scores make Attempt but very few succeed.
 Far be the Thought, the fatal Thought from me;
 For ever let me boast Humility;
 To please a few, and that same few my Friends,
 Will be the Summit of my Hopes,—my Ends
 Wou'd be fulfill'd, cou'd I with humble Stride
 Tread the smooth Plain with *H—d* by my Side.

Let others try the lofty Hill to climb,
 Soaring Scholastic 'bove the Reach of Rhime;
 Clad in the Vest of Sophs regardless stand,
 The Praise or Censure of the Critic's Hand;
 Thirsting for Pathos to confound the Sense,
 Like uselefs Gew-gaws shaming the Expencc:
 O be it mine to speak in Nature's Strain!
 At once to picture, and at once explain;—
 No Pomp of Words cou'd e'er enrapture me,
 Like pure-wrote Sounds, in plain Simplicity,
 To trace out Nature's wild and endless Scene,
 Her painted Vallies and her Woodlands green:
 There can I seek for Themes when Fancy dies,
 Walk thro' the Forest, and observe the Skies;
 Nor seek in vain—each Day sends something new,
 Some new-born Beauty rises to my View.

Cou'd

Cou'd I but steal the Art of painting here
 These Scenes in Verse, as they to me appear ;
 Had I the Power with that Art to please,
 To paint 'em well, and paint 'em too with ease,
 Cou'd I like you, at once ensnare the Mind,
 Engage the Eye, and keep the Heart confin'd,
 And do it too with such engaging Grace,
 With manly Strides the Paths of Nature trace,
 The Muses then should claim each Mite of Time,
 And every Thought I'd jingle into Rhime.
 Vain Hopes alas—But hopes are apt to please,
 And fancy'd Pleasures sometimes give us ease.
Credulity, a mild and simple Maid,
 Too oft alas! by Promises betray'd,
 Follows the Fantom Hope with Steps so fast,
 Till *Disappointment*, kills her at the last.

Ne'er let me be so curs'd, as to depend
 Upon a *Promise*, or to lose a Friend,
 Nor pin my Hopes too closely on the Sleeve
 Of Old or Young ; I've found 'em both deceive ;
 The silver'd Pole is ap er e'er to sin,
 Than he who ne'er felt Razor on his Chin ;
 Old Age breeds *Craft*, and near his Elbow Chair
 Sets Folly plac'd, his Favourite and Heir ;
 Peace to all such, if such can Peace enjoy
 Whose shallow Promise tends but to destroy
 Their Neighbour's Peace,—that Wretch I envy not
 Who boasts a Name by broken Friendship got ;
 For ever will I bar my homely Door,
 Against the greatest Knave so meanly poor.

Conscience

Conscience shall haunt the disingenuous slave
And Time shall lead him blindfold to his Grave.

I boast no Art, thence can no Credit lose:
I paint to shew my Meaning, not confuse:
No Rogue to flatter, *nor no Friend abuse.*
The meanest Figure, claims as great a Share
Of Skill to paint it well, as the most fair.
But those the meanest of the mean I call
Who gain with all my Pains no Praise at all.

You that by Nature have an Heart design'd
To hear and heal the Suff'rings of Mankind,
May you ne'er trust the Wretch whose Friendship tends
To no one's Good, but his own private Ends.

T H E

B A N K S of C H E L M E R.

THO' *Windsor* boasts her Tyrants and her Kings,
Her shady Groves, her Forest and her Springs;
Her lofty Temples, and her costly Gems,
Her murm'ring *Loddon*, and her sister *Thames*,
Admit my Muse, to tread in humble lays,
And sing, tho' lowly, in fair *Chelmer's* praise.
What tho' thy Banks by Kings were never trod,
No stately Savage grac'd thee with a Nod;

Thou

Thou happily 'scap'd the arbitrary Frown,
Nor felt the Curse of being near a Crown.

Once on a Time there liv'd a rural Pair,
The gentle *Philo* and *Salina* fair,
The sad *Leander* lov'd not more than he,
When, arm'd with Love, he dar'd the raging Sea;
No story'd Fair cou'd ever boast a Mind
More pure; no Maid cou'd shew an Heart more kind
Than she; her Tresses play'd about her Waist
In flowing Curls; her Head, with Posies grac'd,
Like the fair Lilly essenc'd ev'ry Gale,
While o'er the Lawn she tript, or thro' the Dale.

On *Chelmer's* Banks the gentle Pair first trod,
Ere this fair Land felt vile Oppression's Rod;
In golden Times, when Love o'er Interest stood,
And Statesmen fought their King and Country's Good;
He tended Flocks, while she the Distaff play'd,
Upon the Brow, or near some friendly Shade.

Long had their Breast's felt *Cupid's* gentle Flame,
And stiff'd Love with common Friendship's name;
Till bursting forth, the Blaze dispell'd the Smoke
And *Philo* first to his *Salina* spoke : —
We've long my fair *Salina*, trod these Plains,
In Summer's Heat, and Winter's drenching Rains;
We often steal the Honey from the Bees,
And oft we pluck the Blossom from the Trees,
Their tempting Sweetness urge us to the Deed,
But yet we find 'em cloy us as we feed.
There grows one Flower, yet, that I revere,
Survives in Bloom throughout the killing Year ;

That

Whose tempting Blush, and never-fading Smell,
 By far all Blossoms of the Spring excell;
 Whose damask Leaves distill a balmy Dew,
 That breeds Desire, and maintains it too;
 I oft behold it as I tread the Mead,
 And every Day my longing eyes I feed
 With fond Desire; till at last I pine,
 Sigh to myself, and wish the Blossom mine.
 Still must I pine, still must I sigh in vain,
 'Tis you must ease my Hopes and cure my Pain;
 Within your Reach it hangs, within your Breast,
 To make me wretched, or to make me blest.

Nay cease to grieve, the fair *Salina* cry'd,
 Have you e'er ask'd me ought that I deny'd?
 Sure you have found me selfish and unkind
 To think I bear about so poor a Mind:
 Did you a Lambkin or an Heifer chuse,
 You never knew me such a Boon refuse.
 Then bring me, *Philo*, where this Wonder grows,
 Be it a Lilly, Hyacinth or Rose;
 Be it the fairest Bud that ever sprung,
 The sweetest Blue-bell ever Fair rung,
 Within my Reach, or in my Power to give,
 If *Philo* ask it, *Philo* shall receive.

Thanks lovely Maid,—but O! you'll change your Mind,
 When you this fair, this blooming Beauty find.

Nay doubt me not, nor yet my Truth decry,
 Let not my Word upon Suspicion die;

Let

Let not your Thoughts be timid and unkind,
 Till I've my promise and my Truth declin'd:
 No tempting Sweet, no Rose that ever sprung,
 Shall make me falter in my Heart or Tongue;
 Ne'er let me tread these fertile Banks again,
 Nor walk with *Philo* o'er the verdant Plain,
 When I forget the Promise I have made,
 Banish *Salina* to some distant Shade.

Nay lovely Maid be ever, ever near,
 Shou'd you, shou'd fair *Saiina* disappear,
 These lonely Plains, wou'd be more lonely still,
 And Burs and Thistles grow on every Hill;
 To yonder Brook then let us bend our way,
 And there behold the Prodigy of *May*;
 And there behold my Heart, my Soul's Delight,
 My wish by Day and all my Dreams by Night.

Methinks 'tis strange that one poor simple Flower
 Shou'd o'er an Heart like yours obtain such Power;
 The Bee, 'tis true, and Butterfly will rove,
 And sport around with animated Love,
 When ev'ry Flower rising to their Sight,
 Invites the Heart and yields 'em new Delight;—
 The Sun declines apace let's instant go,
 And try if I'll not keep my Word or no.

Then straight they tript together o'er the Plain,
 And Bands of *Cupids* follow'd in a Train,
 To bind two Hearts with Wreaths that never fade,
 And prove the Promise of a tender Maid;

The

The Banks they reach, and next the crystal Brook,
In which young *Philo* bid *Salina* look.

The Banks are pleasant, and the Stream is clear,
But yet I see *Rose* or *Lilly* near,
Some cruel Swain has stole it e'er we came ;
In such a Case can I be ought to blame ?

Say can you nothing in the Stream behold ?
No perfect Beauty of celestial Mould ?
See you not something like yourself appear ?
The Substance of that Shadow I revere ; —
'Thou art the Substance, thou my boasted Bloom,
'Tis thou must ease my Heart, or seal my Doom.

Ungen'rous Swain, how cou'd you thus ensnare
With study'd Arts, a poor unguarded Fair !
Am I the fairest *Philo* ever saw,
Cou'd poor *Salina* such Desire draw ?
Alas ! I grieve to think what I have done,
Things end in Sorrow that are rash begun ;
Let me recall it, sure I was asleep ;
Must I indeed my artless Promise keep ?
Must I perforce then give myself away,
To be the Idol of a single Day ?
To be forgot if *Philo* ere thou'd see,
Some other Maid, still fairer yet than me ?
But O ! remember thou'd you ever find
Some other Maid, more fair, more true, more kind,
Forget not then who once you deem'd a Prize,
Nor make your captive Fair a Sacrifice.

O never

O never! never! talk not so again,
 Such fancy'd Ills will rive my Heart in twain.——
 Here do I vow, and when I prove unkind,
 Teem down ye Clouds, and unloose the Wind;
 Let forked Lightning thro' my Cottage shoot,
 And Thunder tear whole Forests by the Root;
 Let every Lamb that in my Pastures stray
 By turgid Floods be caught and wash'd away;
 Let me be sunk in Famine and Despair
 Beneath the Horror of the warring air.

Nay, gentle Swain, my Heart wou'd bleed to see
 Thee made the Spectacle of Misery;
 Shou'd thou prove kind, and keep thy Passion true,
 I wou'd not wish a fairer Swain than you.

When I prove false,—but that can never be,
 My Health, my Life, my ev'ry Hope's in thee;
 If this fond Heart shou'd e'er a Traitor prove,
 And violate the sacred Laws of Love,
 Let Shame be painted on my guilty Breast,
 And Sorrow hunt me from the Bed of Rest.
 What shall I say;—for O I cannot feign
 What I am not, were I the World to gain;
 What shall I say, to make my fair believe,
 These Tears are real,

Cease, O! cease to grieve;
 Here take my Hand, my Heart I wou'd resign,
 But that has fled this many a Day to thine;

My Breast, forlorn, oft led me to despair,
 Save when methought I felt my *Philo's* there.

O! let me clasp it to my panting Breast,
 Heal my fond Heart, and give it endless Rest.
 Ye Woods and Vales, that heard the lovely Sound,
 Tell it in Ecchos to the Plains around ;
 Let the sweet Woodlark raise his Notes divine,
 Telling each Swain that fair *Salina's* mine.

T H E
 P R O L O G U E
 T O T H E

Merry Midnight Mistake.

WITH much Reluctance they have brought me here,
 To try your Patience, and to cure my Fear ;
 But if, in trying, I shou'd chance to fail,
 You soon shall see me (Frenchman-like) turn Tail.

Our Author's here behind in a such a Taking,
 Scratching his Head, shivering and shaking,
 For fear his comic Bantling shou'd not please —
 He here presents you with his Prologue Fees ;
 A little Canting and a thousand Smiles—
 For complimenting more than Truth beguiles :

So he, poor man! since Canting is the Mode,
 Must needs go plodding in the common Road ;
 Begg you'd permit his Brat walk unmolested,
 Should the poor Thing chance to be divested
 Of *Congreve's* Wit, or *Dryden's* nice Connection :
 For sure the poorest Child claims some Protection.
 And if, in walking, it should chance to trip,
 Or, falling, cut its little Nose or Lip,
 You'll please to save the poor declining thing,
 By kindly catching hold the leading-string.

Some proudly pleas'd in finding out a Fault,
 But mostly those who can't digest a Thought ;
 Rude nature gave 'em Rancour to condemn,
 But bury'd all their Candour in their Phlegm.
 Or (like enough) some sage good Dame may frown,
 Displeas'd with every Notion but her own,
 And in her Pride, from pious Motives, say,
 " There's nothing good can come from out a Play ;"
 And kindly shewing 'tis not from her Spleen,
 But judges wisely what she's never seen.
 For many Author's have unjustly ble d ;
 Their plays being damn'd before a Line was read.

The Actors too your candour must implore,
 If Actors those who never play'd before ;
 Unskill'd, unstudied in these Stage Affairs ———
 They've other Business to engross their cares ———
 They only do it to oblige a Friend ;
 No other Motive, secret Pride, or End,
 Save this—to force a gentle Smile from you—
 We'll do our best—'tis all the Best can do.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE
TO THE

Merry Midnight Mistake.

I Tell you I will—Plague on't I'm so teaz'd—
 The Author thinks his Firftling has not pleas'd :
 I fay he's quite mifta'en ; but all wont do ;
 He'll not be eafy 'till he hears from you.
 He wants poer me your Anger to amufe,
 By trumping up fome frivolous Excufe.
 I fain wou'd lay it on the *Aging* now ;
 But that is Modefty will not allow—
 I'd lay it on the Prompter—if I knew how.
 You plainly fee I've no Excufe at all,
 The beft way'll be to let the Curtain fall.—
 Yet hold—I've fomething yet to fay—aye right ;
 We'll do it better, Sirs, another Night ;
 We'll be more perfect, aft with better Spirit,
 For Application is the Way to Merit.
 Fear's the great Tyrant in a doubtful Breaft,
 From thence our firft Attempts are feldom beft,
 Cou'd we have acted as we did intend,
 Not one Soul here but would have been our Friend.

Thank

Thanks for that Smile—by *Jove* mehinks I hear
 You kindly say—"We need not be in Fear "
 " Because there's none but Friends and Neighbours
 here." }

Thanks for this good Confession, 'tis very kind,
 I long to carry this good News behind.
 They're all distress'd to know what I have done ;
 And I'm as much impatient to be gone.

T H E
 P R O L O G U E
 T O

Redowald, a Masque.

WERE it not, Sirs, impossible to find,
 A Subject suiting ev'ry Readers Mind,
 A Prologue or a Preface would be vain,
 Because we know that no one would complain ;
 And yet I've seen a well wrote Piece go down,
 And please (tho' rare) the better half the Town ;
 An half bred Prig, to shew superior Skill,
 That scarce cou'd read, or knew the use of Quill,
 Has fally'd forth with Envy in each Eye,
 And Spight of Fate, would Shame itself defy,

And

And Critic like, to do the Thing he ought,
 Would find a Beauty in an errant Fault ;
 That not enough, to prove himself a Fool,
 Would murder Beauties by the self same Rule.
 Our infant Author hopes his Piece may fall
 In better Hands, or else in none at all ;
 Just from the Lap of Genius bends his Way
 To fam'd *Panassion* Fields, where Poets stray ;
 But finds it cull'd and shorn, a barren Field,
 That's furnish'd Ages, now will hardly yield
 A single Shrub, but what we've seen before
 Be-clipt and turn'd, and twin'd into a Score.
 Such as they are he brings to public View,
 And if you find there's old ones with the New,
 Pray tell me, Sir, that famous Poet's Name,
 That living Bard that does not do the same.
 If near his Neighbour's Produce he intrudes,
 For Nature's self has her Similitudes ;
 The self-same Thought might strike both you and me,
 And I the least stand charg'd of Piracy.
 You've here in Hand a little moral Piece,
 Nor Stole from *France*, nor *Italy*, nor *Greece*,
 A Child of Fancy nurtur'd by the Mind,
 If bad comes on't I know 'twas well design'd.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE
TO

Redowald, a Masque.

SHou'd some grave wit our Author's Piece decry,
And damn the Plot from meer Acerbity ;
Let gentle Candour rise and take his Part,
And own he's shewn more Genius than Art.
To write a Play you'll own is no small Task,
Then what must be the Labour of a Masque ?
Fancy must aid the Bard where Nature fails,
And daring Genius muster all her Sails ;
Our nonag'd Poet unregarding *Time*,
Slipt from his Wing ; and, touring forth sublime,
Survey'd the Muses with enraptur'd Eyes,
Ador'd their Tracks and mounted to the Skies —
Shou'd it be said Ambition was the Cause
That urg'd him first to write ;—or vain Applause ;
Ere you convict him of a Thirst for Fame,
Turn to the Title, and find out his Name.

The Pretty Maid of Chelmsford.

A Pretty Maid both kind and fair
Dwells in *Chelmsford* Town,
Her pleasing Smiles, her easy Air,
Engages Fop and Clown. Being

Being accosted t'other Day
 By a clumsy 'Squire,
 Who ask'd her if she knew the Way
 To quench a raging Fire.

Water, Sir, reply'd the Maid,
 Will quench it in a Trice,
 O no, said he, you little Jade,
 I've try'd that once or twice.

Then Sir, said she, 'tis past my Skill
 To tell you what will do ;
 I'm sure, said he, you know what will ;
 There's nothing can but you.

Alas-a-day what do you mean,
 Reply'd the pretty Fair ;
 I'd have you try it once again ;
 You never shou'd despair.

Despair I cannot, cry'd the 'Squire,
 While you are in my Sight,
 'Tis you must quench the burning Fire,
 You set it first alight.

Then strait he clasp'd her round the Waist,
 And forc'd from her a Kifs,
 Ho! ho ; said she, is that your Taste ;
 Then pray you, Sir, take this.

And with a Pail, plac'd at the Door,
 She sluic'd the amorous 'Squire ;
 You're welcome, Sir, to this and more,
 To quench your raging Fire.



THE
COTTAGERS,
AN
OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Brainly</i> , a Country Squire	Third Reaper
<i>Celon</i> , a beautiful Shepherd	Hermit
<i>Hylas</i> , Father to <i>Celon</i>	A little Boy, his Son
<i>Simon</i> , his Cousin	Traveller
<i>Trusty</i> , Steward to <i>Brainly</i>	Thieves
First Reaper	WOMEN.
Second Reaper	Mrs. <i>Brainly</i> , Wife to
	'Squire <i>Brainly</i>
	<i>Eddie</i> , her Daughter.
<i>Housebreakers. Attendants on the Squire.</i>	

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Room in Brainly's House.*

Enter *Brainly*, *Mrs. Brainly* and *Trusty*.

Brainly.

* * * Long with *Celon*, say you ? I'm astonish'd ! O
 * * * she's a forward young Hussy ! but I'll stop her
 * * * A Gadding ;—Are you sure of this ? [*To Trusty.*
 * * * *Trusty.* Yes, truly, Sir, for she has been out
 for this Month past, at four and five o'Clock
 in the Morning ; I could not think where she went to, till
 H the

the other Day when going o'er the green Pastures; there I saw *Celon* and she, billing and cooing together like two young Pidgeons.

Brain. Indeed? odds my Life, I remember now;—ah she's a coaxing young Pug; that's where she gets her Posies from I suppo'e, which she comes holding up to my Nose in a Morning, with a how do you do? my dear Papa, [*Mimicks her*] O the Jade.

Tru. I thought it were best to tell your Worship, least some Harm might come of it.

Mrs. Brain. A mighty industrious Soul indeed! thou had'st better have been minding thy own Business, I think, than to strive like an ill-natur'd Fool to set my Child and her Father at Variance.

Brain. Hold your Tongue pray Madam, and let him speak; he sees her Follies, tho' you can't, and 'tis honest in him to tell me of them.

Mrs. Brain. Why sure Mr. *Brainly* II may speak in my Turn.

Brain. 'Tis not your Turn yet Madam.

Mrs. Brain. I'm sorry my Dear, to see you so angry;—don't think that I approve of her Proceedings; no, far be it from me; but I can't help taking Notice how ready the Fellow is to tell you of her Faults; for he sees they work upon you to Excess, and you are as eager to hear what gives you so much Pain; if he had generously told me of it before, I wou'd have put a Stop to it ere now, and you might have escap'd all this Uneasiness; for if our Children are to bear the Censure of our Servants, what Child will escape Slander? I don't doubt what he has said to be true, but while he sees it feeds your Anger, and he finds himself listen'd to, he may turn Surmises into Facts, and she may be stigmatiz'd where e'er she goes, as being guilty of what she never dreamt of.

Brain. Well, well, it does not signify holding this Harangue about her;—I'm determin'd to have her kept at Home, and then I'm sure she'll be safe, let the World then say what they please;—go fetch her hither *Trusty*.

[*Exit. Trusty.*]

Mrs. Brain. Marry I doubt it much e'en then; and whether the Creature (that has taken so much Pains to tell you her Faults) would not be the first in the World that would
strive.

strive to make her guilty of another; for I know he's very sweet upon her when our Backs are turn'd.

Brain. Poh, Poh, what do you think the Fellow's a Fool?

Mrs. Brain. No, but I think he would make a Fool of you, and I and the whole Family, if he could.

Brain. Pshaw, Pshaw, I see you have some Antipathy to the poor Fellow, because he's honest, and so want me to turn him about his Business; but here he comes, [*Enter Trusty*] well Sirrah, what's the Reason you did not bring *Eddie* along with you?

Tru. Why in good Truth I cannot find her.

Brain. Not find her! why what the Plague is the Wench set out already?

Tru. O yes Sir, she's been up and gone these three Hours.

Brain. Has she indeed? I fancy I shall fetch her home again in half that Time, if *Cupid* has not furnish'd her with wings.—Come along with me *Trusty*.—My Dear you may expect us here again presently. [*Exeunt Brainly and Trusty.*]

Mrs. Brain. I wish you Success with all my Heart,—poor foolish Girl! I pity her; 'tis natural — for the Heart will follow where the Eye is pleas'd. [*Exit Mrs. Brainly.*]

SCENE II.

Celon and Eddie seated in a Pasture.

Edd. 'Tis the fairest Morn I ever saw; I warrant they are all asleep at home, but hardly dream that I am here with you.

Celon. O let 'em sleep until the Sun sets again, then I shall have my *Eddie* with me all the Day.

AIR I.

Cel. Thy Father and thy Mother sleeps —
There Love has had his Fill;
And *Eddie* to her *Celon* creeps,
When all the Plains are still;

The

The Sun and *Eddie* rise at once,
And gild the Hills around ;
The Lark awakens at her Steps,
And leaves the dewy Ground.

My Lambkins skip at her Approach,
And all their Dams look gay ;
While Zephyr, in his airy Coach,
Upon the Treetops plays.

Edd. If my Father shou'd e'er suspect my coming hither
I'm affraid he'd never let me come again ; wou'd you not
pity me ?

Cel. I shou'd pine myself to Death, and be like a wan-
dering Lunatic in Despair : for when you are from me but
an Hour, I think that every Flower looks drooping, and
every Bird sets mourning for your Return.

Edd. Be witness for me all ye Hills and Groves, how
dear I prize my *Celon's* Love, not all the wealth my Father
boasts should rob me of that joy.

A I R II.

Edd. O grant us thus to meet each Morn,
Upon so fair a Plain,
Where Linnets whistle on each Thorn,
In Love's melodious Strain.

While *Celon* whispers Notes more sweet
Than ever Linnet sung,
And thus each Morn such Blessings meet,
As fall from *Celon's* Tongue.

Cel. Wou'd to-morrow were our wedding Day, I long
to call thee mine, I've had sad Dreams of late ; but I hope
they tend to nothing ill towards us.

Edd. Pray tell me what they were, and I'll be your In-
terpreter.

Cel. Not now my Love, they'll prey upon thy gentle
Spirits, and dash our promis'd joys. Let us go to yonder
Valley now, and pick the sweetest Flowers there, Blue bells
and Violets, that I may weave a Crownnet for my Queen.

Eddie.

Edd. Even where you please, nor will I e'er complain so I go with you ;—here, [*pulls out a Book*] I've brought thee another Book this Morning, 'tis the prettiest I could find ; and thou shalt read it to me.

Cel. You're ever kind — But I fear my Love you'll get some Anger from your Father, if he should chance to miss it — What is it you have brought me now ?

Edd. The Nut-brown Maid. [*gives him the Book*] My Father ne'er will miss it, he minds nothing but his Horses and his Dogs ; so pray thee set down and read it to me.

Cel. Nay, but you must excuse me now ; I can read when you are gone ; now it will be killing too much precious Time.

A I R III.

Cel. Whilst thou art here I cease to read,
Throw by my Pipe, forget my Reed,
Nothing on Earth such Pleasures bring,
As when I hear my *Eddie* sing ;

But when thou'rt gone, I'll learn from this,
When I no more can toy and kiss,
How other Shepherds bore their Pain,
Untill they met their Loves again.

Edd. Very well, *Celon*.

Cel. Nay be not angry, I own I'm much oblig'd to you for these Indulgencies ; and but from the Instruction of those Volumes you have brought me, I should have been a poor Companion for my *Eddie* ; they have, in some Measure, taught me how to please ; to know my humble Situation ; blest when you are with me, and more serenely to bear the Pain when you are gone.

Edd. Listen ! listen ! methought I heard the voice of some one near ; and now I see 'em too. O, 'tis *Truffy* and my Father.

Cel. They have beheld us, and 'twill be in vain to fly. Alas ! what shall we do ! — how cou'd this happen ?

Brainly within.) I see you, you Jade, I'll stop your Strolling, I will Huffy : [*Enters*] And as for thee, thou Sheep-biting Dog, I'll have thee sent into another Country, [*takes Eddie from him.*]

Cel.

Cel. I matter not where you send me, or where I go, since you have taken her away [*looking tenderly on Eddie.*]

Brain. The Boy's certainly in Love; I'Gad it grieves me to see them look so pitiful at each other; I cou'd find in my Heart to leave 'em together again.

Tru. Aye truly 'tis pity, Sir, but consider the Consequence, it will be the Talk of the whole Country, that 'Squire *Brainly's* Daughter is courted by a Shepherd.

Brain. Ods-bud and so it will; come, Huffy, come; —thou may'st stay behind and whine a little, [*to Celon.*]

Edd. Dear Father permit me to take a parting Kifs.

Brain. A parting Kifs! what before my Face! why they've bewitch'd one another I believe! No, no, no, no more kissing here? come along; and if you can't live without kissing, there's your great Doll at home, you may kifs and hug that all Day if you please, come away I say.

Edd. O can you forget yourself, or did you never love; surely, if you did, you would not practice so hard a Tryal for so small a Crime.

A I R IV.

Edd. Adieu my Love, ye Flocks adieu,
Farewell ye happy Plains,
More blest than I, by far are you,
While *Celon* here remains.

Farewell ye little Warblers all,
Ye Larks that upward rise,
No more shall I attend your call,
Or meet my *Celon's* Eyes.

Brain. Come along I say, or I'll break thy Neck.

Cel. O do not hurt her, for indeed she's done no Harm.

Brain. If thou hast done her none, I shall be satisfied, and I'll take Care thou shalt do her none hereafter.

[*Excunt all but Celon.*]

Cel. This is the sorest Wound I ever felt; would she had been born as poorly as myself, or that I had been a 'Squire's Son.

A I R IV.

Col. Unequal Fortune, equal Fate,
Was ever Lot like mine?
Thus high and low in ev'ry State,
Beneath some Grief repine.

The rich are curst with Fears and Pride,
The poor Man with Despair;
The Lover's Patience oft is try'd
By some unfeeling Fair.

But mine's the worst of Woes indeed;
The Maid that I adore,
Is by a Father's Hand decreed,
Never to see me more.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Brainly's House. Enter Brainly, Trusty, and Eddie.

Brain. Here Mrs. *Brainly* we've brought your Daughter home, and I desire you'll make it your Business to keep her there so long as she lives,—what piping again, what the Devil ails thee now?

Edd. Have I not Cause to weep, to hear myself doom'd a Prisoner for Life, and by my Father too?

Brain. You'd better be a Pris'ner here Hussy, with a good House over your Head, and Victuals in your Belly, than strolling the Mountains, and starving under a Hedge, along with that Booby you'd got along with this Morning.

Mrs. Brain. What cou'd induce thee, Child, to make so strange a Choice?

Edd. His gentle Nature, besides he loves me dearly as himself.

Brain. No doubt but he loves himself well enough; but what do'st think he loves thee for, hey, Fool?

Edd. For loving him, which I will do for ever.

Brain.

Brain. So, so, so, so, there's for you now ! take her out of my Sight, or I shall certainly do her a Mischief ; — O you wanton young Jade ; go take her up Stairs, and lock her in her Bed-chamber directly. [*Ex. Mrs. Brainly and Eddie.*]

Brainly sings.

A I R VI.

Was ever father living,
So distress'd as I,
These Women are deceiving
As the very Sky ;
They first look clear,
And promise fair,
Then rises up a Cloud
That covers all the Atmosphere ;
And Thunders burst aloud.
[*Exeunt Brainly, and Trusty.*]

S C E N E V.

Celon by the Side of a Wood.

Cel. I'll rest me here a little ; nothing that I see or hear will give me Comfort now. [*comes forward.*]

A I R VII.

Cel. Full eighteen Years I liv'd in Bliss
Upon yon verdant Plain,
From many a Maid I stole a Kiss,
But never felt a Pain ;

'Till *Eddy's* Face I first beheld
I knew nor Grief nor Care ;
My Eyes against my Heart rebell'd,
If e'er I shed a Tear.

Enter

Enter Hylas and Simon in Conversation.

Hyl. I tell thee the Girl has made her Escape from the Help of a Tree, that hung against her Window, for somebody has told her that *Celen* was fled into another Country, and I am sorely afraid I shall find it too true.

Cel. True thou'lt find it indeed, if *Eddie* is gone, I'll search ev'ry Country round but I will find her.

[Aside & Exit.]

Sim. Marry Luck forbid, Cousin, for I lov'd him as if he had been a Child of my own, and did intend to leave him all I have when I die.

Hyl. Ha, thou art very kind; for though I say it, he had as much to say for himself as the Parson o' the Parish; if I could but set eyes on him again, I should be easy; I han't seen him since four o'Clock in the Morning, and if I don't find him before night, I shall break my Heart.

Sim. I'fecks I think I see him yonder, running across the meadow.

Hyl. Where, where.

Sim. Yonder loo'thee 't'other Side that large Tree.

Hyl. Odds Heart and so it is; pray thee Cousin, for thou canst run faster than me, go thou before and I'll after and halloo lustily behind.

[Exeunt.]

Enter three Reapers.

1st. *Reap.* Come along, come along, and be hang'd to you, what a yawning you make, indeed, why now because you've got your Bellies full, I suppose you have not a Heart to go to work again.

2d. *Reap.* 'Swound what a Din thou makest indeed, thy Bawling beats my Yawning I'm sure; one would think thou hadst not had thy Belly full this Month past; I'fecks I'm afraid thou art one of those I heard our old Dame talking of t'other Day, more Noise than Work.

3d. *Reap.* No, no, I suppose he only wants to get his Work done before he begins, that he may go a sweet-hearting; for as soon as he gets home he begins to make such a washing and a combing of himself, with his Ribbands at his Knees, and his Buckles at his Sho'en, that he

ne'er gives himself Time to eat or drink, but out he goes to rosey fac'd *Sue*, down by the Mill.

2 *Reap.* Aye, Aye, I suppose he gets his Belly-full there. I believe in my Heart Folks are bewitch'd, now-a-days, there's the Dickens to pay, about *Celon* and the Squire's Daughter; this Love's as bad as a Plague I think, its catching.

1 *Reap.* Take Care it does not catch thee then; 't'as many a Time catch'd a wiser Man.

2 *Reap.* P'fects if it does I know how to cure myself.

1 *Reap.* I don't doubt but thou hast a good Opinion of thyself.

2 *Reap.* Marry if one don't like me, I'll seek out for another.

1 *Reap.* And love ne'er a one above an Hour.

A I R VIII.

A foolish Lover like a Child,
That with a Toy doth play,
Who's gawdy Sides his Heart beguil'd,
And pleas'd him for a Day.

But if by Chance his wand'ring Eyes,
Another shou'd survey,
The last is thought a golden Prize,
The first is thrown away.

3 *Reap.* Heigh, ho! this Love is a strange Thing I think.

2 *Reap.* No, no, there's nothing so common. I heard our Parson say the World was grown foolish, and this is a sure Sign he sometimes speaks the Truth.

3 *Reap.* Why so I think indeed, *Celon* must be a Fool now to think of marrying the 'Squire's Daughter, I warrant the 'Squire wou'd see him hang'd first.

2 *Reap.* And must not she be a Fool to think of marrying *Celon*; why this makes good the Text; the World's grown foolish and they're two of the greatest; I think in my Heart they're even worse than this Fool here.

1 *Reap.*

1 *Reap.* Fool! who dost thou call Fool? if it were not now for losing so much Time, I'd shew thee who was the greatest Fool.

3 *Reap.* 'Swounds what a Passion he's in, I've heard say these Lovers grow mad sometimes, if you shou'd teaze him too much, perhaps he'll grow mad too, and then I suppose he'll be for biting.

2 *Reap.* Aye, aye, let him alone, let him alone, he may kiss and court all the Guts out of his Belly for what I care.

3 *Reap.* Come let's to work again, or we shall have the Sun down ere we begin.

2 *Reap.* Troth and so it will, and it won't get up at thy bidding again, but that shan't give me any uneasiness:

A I R IX.

My Heart is my own
And a Stranger to Care,
Content is my Throne,
I sit without Fear.

At Night I retire
With Health and with Ease;
The Lasses admire,
And study to please.

But if I don't find
They'll please in their Part
'T may fire the Mind,
But shan't touch the Heart.

1 *Reap.* That was my Mind once, but I could not help changing it.

3 *Reap.* That's a sure sign you kind of Creatures never know your own Minds.

2 *Reap.* Why that's true enough; *Celon* us'd to swear and protest he'd never marry, and now you see how well he keeps his Word.

3 *Reap.* And he may'nt be the happier for all he's so great with the Squire's Daughter; for they say there's nothing but snarling and biting among the Gentry Folkes.

AIR X.

The Poor with Content
Are richer by far,
Than a King in his Tent
Or a Lord at the Bar.

No fear of being worse
E'er troubles his Breast
Tho' empty his Purse
At Night he can Rest.

No Armies o'erthrown,
No causes ill try'd,
Shall e'er make me groan
Or turn for a Bribe.

2 *Reap.* Hold, hold, who are these coming across the Barly Field.

1 *Reap.* Odds life I'll be hang'd, if it be'ont, our Master and his Cousin.

2 *Reap.* Let us sneak off then as fast as we can.

1 *Reap.* No, no, they see us now, and we'd better stay and know the worst on't.

3 *Reap.* The Dickens take your sweet-hearting I say, I suppose there'll be the Duce to pay.

2 *Reap.* What a Pack of Fools we look like now.

Enter Hylas and Simon.

Hyl. What in the Name of old Nick do ye all here, has any of you seen *Celon* lately?

3 *Reap.* No not we Master, we han't not seen him this two Days.

Hyl. Why go seek him then, and he that finds him first shall have a hollyday for a Week.

2 *Reap.* Shall he Master, I'fecks then I give a good Look out, and bring him home an I can.

Hyl.

Hyl. Away with you then. [*Exeunt Reapers.*] Come Cousin, thee and I'll go and get us a Horse a piece, and we'll set out too; wayst-heart I've run myself almost out of Breath already, and I don't know how soon I may want a little.
[*Exeunt Hylas and Simon.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hermit's Cave.

A Hermit, and Crito a little Boy his Son appears.

Crito.

YOU've often told me, I shou'd see the Place where I was born, and where my Mother died: believe me Sir, I should like it much; I think I've seen it an hundred Times in Dreams already, and if indeed it be so pleasing in Reality as in Dreams, I'm sure it must far excel this sad dwelling.

Herm. I'm afraid indeed thou'll think it so, therefore it is, I fear to let thee go.

Crit. Why fear? do you think I wou'd not come again.

Herm. I hope so, but there's a thousand little Play-fellows wou'd rival me, and thou wou'dst want to stay thee there.

Crit. Indeed they shou'd not, I'd rather stay here all my Days than you shou'd be in Fear.

Herm. Thou'rt my Cherub again for that; and e'er a Month I'll let thee go. [*Eddie crosses the Cave.*]

Crit. O well-a-day, do but turn about, and see what's passing 'cross the Cave.

Herm.

Herm. A Woman, or a Fairy, I'll speak to her however.

Crit. Believe me Sir, but she seems in Sorrow.

Herm. Peace with thee fair one, if thou wilt deign to tell, whither dost thou sojourn?

Edd. Alas! I cannot; first tell me Stranger, who e'er thou art (for thou bearest the Face of Friendship) didst thou not see a lovely Shepherd, sad as myself, pass this Way.

Herm. In truth fair Maid no human Form save this of thine has pass'd this Cave these many Years.

Edd. Alas! I'm sore distress'd.

Herm. If thou dar'st trust me with thy Story, I'll promise thee all the Aid that I can give.

Edd. I thank thee; nor do I think that I shou'd fear to trust thee, for thou bear'st as kind a Face as e'er I saw, save his I look for; for O he is the gentlest Swain that ever smil'd on Maid, I first beheld him tending on his Father's Sheep upon a Mountain's Brow; he humbly bow'd and with a gentle Look he stole my willing Heart, and I as willing gave my Hand; he knelt and kiss'd it; and, with more than Shepherd's Grace, told me how much he lov'd; I believ'd him because he wept, then sigh'd and took my Leave; but ev'ry Morning e'er the Sun beams kiss'd the dimpl'd Brook, I stole to him again, so happy we like two fair Vessels on a calm Sea borne long sail'd together; till my Father's angry Hand like a rude tempestuous Wave dash'd us both asunder.

Herm. Alas I pity you, what was your Lover's Name?

Edd. *Celon.*

[*Crito weeps.*]

Herm. What is it Child that makes thee weep?

Crit. The Story that she told you.

Herm. I love thee for thy Mother's Spirit, just so wou'd she o'erflow when e'er she heard of suff'ring Virtue.

Edd. I love him too for his friendly Tears, come and let me kiss thee; my Heart is full of Gratitude, but I've no means of Recompence, save Tear for Tear, Alas! I must yet go on, for while I live, I will pursue my Love, if ever I return, I'll make you some Amends.

Crit. Pray don't go, my Father will be very kind.

Herm. Let me intreat you to stay a little, this little Boy is my only Child, the only Comfort I have on Earth, he shall

shall attend you; there is a Mountain, by whose lofty Head o'er looks the country round for many a Mile, thither shall he go, and with his young discerning Eyes try if he can't see which way your *Celon* wanders; I prithee *Crito* go this Instant and if thou shou'dst any one chance to see, wind thou thy Horn and becken them to stay, [*Exit Crito*] mean while I wou'd advise that you retire into yond Harbour and rest yourself, till I go and seek for something that may comfort you.

Edd. Indeed you are too kind, I have not deserv'd these Indulgencies from you, but since you have promis'd me to be my Friend, I do not know a Time that I ever stood so much in need of one.

Herm. Be chearful, and doubt not, but ere long we shall hear some tidings of your *Celon*. [*Exit Hermit.*]

Edd. Then you will be a Friend indeed.

AIR XI.

Sings. Ye nodding Forests verdant Plains,
Ye limpid Brooks that murmur by,
In your Retreats there yet remains
A Friend to sad Calamity. [*Exit Eddie.*]

SCENE II.

A Heath. Enter Brainly and Trusty, &c.

Brain. We're certainly on the right Road my Lads; but hold, who have we here, a fellow Traveller? perhaps he may give us some Intelligence; I'll enquire however.

Enter Passenger.

Save thee Friend, whither be'st going

Passen. To the first Cottage I can find; for I have had a long Day's Journey of it, and have not seen a Dwelling where I cou'd get me any Refreshment.

Brain.

Brain. Nor didst not meet with any body on the Road?

Passen. Yes wayfheart a lovely Youth almost in Despair.

Brain. And didst thou not speak with him then?

Passen. Yes, that I did, and wish I cou'd have been his Friend.

Brain. Why? what was his Complaint then?

Passen. Alas-a-day, he told me he had lost the sweetest Maid on Earth, and came this Way in Search of her.

Brain. Did he so? 'Slife that must be *Celon*, here I'll give thee this Purse, if thou'lt tell me where he's gone,

Passen. Alas, I cannot tell thee, for when I could give him no Intelligence of his Love, he left me; I stood awhile and watch'd him, and when he got to yonder Oak that dips his Brim into the Brook, he sat down and drank of the cold stream, then rose again and made his Way to the top of yonder Hill; and turning round seem'd to search with his Eyes all the Vales below. Anon (as if he had some one seen) he hurry'd off again; but descending on the other Side I lost Sight of him.

Brain. We'll after him directly; as for thee my Friend thou wilt find a Cottage hard by, take this and get thee some Refreshment.

Passen. Good Luck attend thee for thy Kindness.

[*Exit Passenger.*]

Brain. Come along Lads we're upon the right Scent, and if we shou'd start this Puss we'll run her down and take her home alive.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

S C E N E III.

The Hermit's Cave.

Enter Hermit and Eddie. [*Crito is seen by 'em.*]

Herm. Lo! here comes *Crito*, I hope he brings some News.

Edd. I doubt there's none of *Celon*.

Herm. Doubt not, [*Enter Crito*] welcome my Darling; well what hast seen.

Crito.

Crit. A Man, who is making towards the Cave; I saw him straying near the mighty Cliff; and then, as you desir'd, did wind my Horn; I wav'd my Hand, he answer'd thus, and then set off with Speed this Way.

Her. Now what think you Fair-one?

Edd. It certainly is my *Celon*, and yet I think it most impossible, but if it should some other prove, I fain would not be seen.

Herm. Therefore least it should, I would advise that you retire again into the Cave, 'till I have made some sure Proof it is your *Celon*.

Edd. I will,——but pray if it should prove my Love indeed, let it not be a Moment ere you call me forth again.

Herm. You may be assur'd of that; haste, haste, methinks I hear his Foot-steps near already.

Edd. I'm gone—Alas I tremble so my Legs will scarcely bear me. [Ex. Eddie.]

Crit. See Father, he's entering the Cave.

Herm. He bears the Form that she describes. [Enter *Celon*] Welcome Youth, most welcome, I invite thee for my Guest; thou seem'st aweary; I shall be glad to be thy Comforter.

Cel. I thank you—weary I am indeed, in Search of what I fear I ne'er shall see again.

Herm. Never despair, nothing is ever lost beyond our Hopes but Reputation. Is it for the Living that you seek?

Cel. Living she was last Night, and well.

Herm. It is a Woman then; what is the fair-one's Name?

Cel. Eddie. Fair as the cristal Stream. [Hermit whispers *Crito*.

Herm. You'd know her then, no Doubt, were you to see her?

Cel. Why do you ask me that? Is it possible I could not know the Thing I saw but Yesterday?

Herm. Say, do you know that Fair-one? [Crito and Eddie appear.]

Cel. Know her! O ye miraculous Powers, 'tis my Eddie! [He runs and embraces her.]

Edd. *Celon*! O I scarcely can believe that I'm awake.

K

Herm.

Herm. I bear Witness you're not in a Dream, and am glad that I have partly been the Means of all this Happiness.

Cel. O may you be blest with every Thing that's good, What shall we do to make you amends?

Herm. I am amply satisfied in seeing you so happy.

Edd. He shall be our Father and we will stay here all our Days, and *Crito* too shall be my Brother.

Herm. Say, *Crito*, wouldst thou not like to have a Sister?

Crito Yes, and I should like to have a Brother too:

Herm. 'Tis well reply'd; but now it grieves me that I've no Dish, but homely Fare, that you might eat with me.

Cel. We are in no Need; this is Feast enough for me, I have no Room for any Thing but Love.

A I R XII.

Sings. The Heart when thirsty with Desire
No Draught can quench the burning Fire,
Until the Spark that caus'd the Flame,
'Presented to the Eye again;
But when it comes again to View,
The Soul with Transport will renew
It's native Ease, and fill the Breast
As mine is now, with *Eddie* Blest.

Edd. I feel no Pain, nor Hunger, but my Sighs have made me thirsty.

Herm. Go, *Crito*, to the Spring, and haste back again, [*Ex. Crito*] Pardon my offering you so cool a Cordial, it is the best this World affords me.

Edd. It will be receiv'd as kindly as the most costly one; and on Condition I might stay me here with *Celon*, I could content me with it all my Days.

A I R XIII.

Eddie I will stay here all my Life,
When I am my *Celon's* Wife;

We'll

We'll taste each Spring,
 And dance and sing,
 Across the Hills so green ;
 Thou shalt be my Lord and King,
 And I will be thy Queen.

Celon. At Night when all the World's asleep,
 I'll go fetch thee all my Sheep ;
 I'll watch the Dams,
 Thou feed the Lambs,
 And so we'll spend each Day ;
 Our Father here shall join our Hands,
 And thou shalt cry obey.

Edd. I'm glad they've drove us hither now, for here we
 can love in their Despite, nor fear their parting us
 again.

Herm. I fear the Trial will prove worse than the Idea ;
 the hard Means of Life you will be oblig'd to submit to
 here, will, I fear, dash your future Hopes ; but believe
 me you are welcome as the Morning.

Cel. We are assur'd of that, and free from Danger, they'll
 hardly find us here — therefore we'll risque whatever else
 may happen.

A I R XIV.

Cel. Since Luck has brought us here together,
 I fear nor Cold nor stormy Weather,
 With this lov'd Mate,
 I fear no Fate,
 That may hereafter threat my State.
 The Hand To-Day that brought us here,
 May send us Comfort all the Year

Enter Crito.

Crit. Returning home from the Well I saw four Travel-
 lers coming on this Way ; and, seeing me, they ey'd me to
 the Cave.

Herm.

Herm. More Miracles ? 'tis very strange, I now begin to fear some sad Event.

Cel. Some Travellers I suppose that have lost their Way and follow'd *Crito* for Intelligence.

Herm. Some *Ignis Fatuus* sure has drawn the World this way.

Edd. Let us retire.

Cel. Be not afraid my Love, we've no Enemies here.

Brain. [within.] Here they are my Lads, here they are ; make Haste or they'll give us the Slip again. [*Eddie faints*] hey day, who have we here! [*Enter Brainly and the rest following him.*]

Tru. The Devil and one of his Imps, I believe, only they've hid their cloven Feet.

Brain. Odds heart my Child is dying, help some of you help, to hold her up.—O thou damn'd Dog, I wish thou hadst been hang'd a Twelvemonth ago, thou'lt kill'd my Child, thou hast thou Dog, [*pushes Celon away.*] my Dear, my *Eddie*, [*Eddie coming to Life*] poor Creature! how she pants! softly, softly, she's coming to herself again [*fanning her with his Hat*] how is it with thee? thy Father is not angry with thee Child, come, come, don't be frighten'd, thou shan't be hurt.

Edd. (weeping) My Father! O well-a-day—where is my *Celon*, you wont kill him I hope.

Brain. Kill him? no not I! tho' I don't care how soon he were hang'd.

Edd. Alas, alas, you said you was not angry, and now you've forgot your Saying,

Brain. No, not with you Child, I came to fetch you home; but we'll leave him to find his Way himself.

Edd. Nay pray let him go with me too.

Brain. No, no, not I indeed, I'm not so fond of his Company.

Edd. Nor wont you let me see him when at home?

Brain. Not if I can help it, we'll have no more visiting of Witches and Wizards here; nay he may be the Devil for ought I know.

Edd. Did not you say just now you wou'd be kind?

Brain. So I think, I am for taking you away and carrying you to a good home again.

Edd,

Edd. If that is Kindness, I'd rather you would be unkind, and let me stay here all my Life.

Brain. So I suppose; no, no, I did not come all this Way for nothing, so come along, since you don't know when you're doing wrong, I shall make bold to tell you when you don't do right.

Edd. Farewell my dearest *Celon*, farewell, I shall ——

Brain. Come, come, no whining, a short Parting's always best, so help me some of you to force her away.

[*Exeunt Brainly, &c. with Eddie.*]

Cel. Farewell most lovely Maid, my Heart shall follow thee where'er thou goest,—O most unnatural Father!

AIR XV.

Sings, O *Cupid* God of Love
Take now a wretched Pair
Beneath thy friendly Care,
Use all thy Art, while now apart,
To keep us from Despair.

Protect that lovely Maid
So injur'd and oppress'd,
In Love so much distress'd,
She is so meek, her Heart will break,
Except by thee redress'd.

Herm. Alas I pity you from my Heart, and wish I could administer some Comfort to your Sorrow, let us retire into the Cave and compose yourself a while.

Cel. No I will follow her, whatever fate befall me.

Herm. Whither wilt thou go? Night will o'ertake thee e'er thou canst reach thy Father's Dwelling.

Cel. Aye and so it will if I stay here; I thank thee for thy Care, but I can no where rest if *Eddie* be not near, I thank thee for all thy Friendship, think me not ungrateful, thus to leave thee, but when the Heart is from the Body torn, the Spirit soon must die; therefore I must follow, a kind Farewell to both, my Heart is now so full of Grief, that I can nothing say; but once more Farewell.

[*Exit Celon.*
Herm.]

Herm. Farewell kind Youth, and may'st thou never meet
so hard a Trial more ; O wretched World, I have felt thee
sharp as the keen Air, and now methinks, I see myself in
this sad Youth, a goodly Heart overwhelm'd in Grief ;
come, *Crito*, we'll in and rest, thou see'st what it is to mix
with Man ; how hard they deal with one another.

[*Exeunt Crito and Hermit.*]

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Moonlight Scene. Celon under Eddie's Window.

Celon.

HERE rests my *Eddie*, wou'd she knew that I were
here, it wou'd not be long e'er I beheld her.

AIR XVI.

Sings. Thou Silver Moon, O lend thy Aid
And light me to my charming Maid,
Send forth some Power from above,
And help me once more to my Love.

O turn her cruel Father's Heart,
Let Mercy touch the hardest Part ;
Let Pity stop his fiery Rage,
And think on *Eddie's* tender Age.

Enter.

Enter Three Robbers, at the Squire's Door, trying to break into the House.

Cel. Alas, I am betray'd, and yet they're Strangers all to me; I fear some ill Intent, they're breaking open the Door; I must interpose lest my *Eddie* shou'd be in Danger. [*They enter the House*] hold you there, what mean you, by entering the House in this Manner, and at this Time o' the Night?

1 House Br. Knock him down! Knock him down! silence him or we shall miscarry.

2 Housebr. You proceed, — I'll manage him I warrant me. [*Two of them enter the House, the other stays behind and attacks Celon; Celon disarms him, and afterwards knocks him down with his own Weapon, then pursues the other two into the House: mean while the other crawls off the Stage, and makes his Escape,—there's a great Bustle within*]

Brain. [*within*] Bring 'em along Lads, bring 'em along.

Enter Brainly in his Shirt, Mrs. Brainly, and a Number of Servants, in great Confusion, with the Rogues, and Celon as a Confederate.

Brain. We've secur'd the Villains, hold up the Lanthorn and let us see who we have got; 'Sdeath and Hearr, why this is *Celon*! Run Wife directly and see to the Girl, she may have been in the Plot, and made her Escape for what I know. [*Exit Mrs. Brainly.*] Ho, ho, young Gentleman have we caught you; what, because I wou'd not let thee ruin my Daughter, thou and thy pretty Comrades came to cut my Throat; but I'll stop your Course I assure you now;—what break into my House at Midnight! O you Villain, you damn'd Dog; this is your Love too the Devil take all love Affairs I say.

Cel. You say so now, Sir, because you're past 'em.

Brain. And so shalt thou be soon; if I don't have thee hang'd, I'll give any body leave to hang me;—go one of you and get a Halter and tye 'em all three together, lock 'em in the Barn or the Stable till by and by, and I'll settle Accounts with 'em all.

(*Exit Servant*)

Cel. As I hope for Mercy—

Brain. Mercy! O yes, a deal of Mercy, thou shalt be hang'd, and that will prevent thy doing any more Mischief. Come bring 'em away.

[*Exeunt Brainly and the rest.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mrs. Brainly and Eddie.

Edd. To Prifon, did you fay Mamma ?

Mrs. Brain. They're all confin'd in the Barn or Stable together, 'and that's much the fame, your Father's determin'd to have 'em all hang'd

Edd And *Celon* too ?

(*She weeps*)

Mrs. Brain. Why does not he deserve it Child?

Edd. I hope not, I am fure he ne'er meant Harm.

A I R XVII

Why thus ye Powers do ye strive
To heap Distrefs on me alone,
While Mercy in your Breasts furvive
Let all my Grief his Ills atone.

Let not your Vengeance fall fevere
Upon two Lovers fo diftrefs'd,
O now releafe my *Celon* dear,
And pluck the Sting from *Eddie's* Breast.

Mrs. Brain. Here comes thy Father and *Hylas*, there'll be a ftrange too-do I fuppose !

Edd. I fear fo too.

Enter Brainly, Hylas, and Trusty.

Brain, So Mifs *Thrifty* thou'rt up I fee ;—'tis a wonder thou'ft not been out a Wooing e'er now ; but I fuppose thou waits for thy Deary's coming to thee this Morning ; and therefore I'll fend the Gentleman an Invitation myfelf.—*Trusty*, go take fomebody along with thee and fetch thofe Hang-dogs to me

(*Exit Trusty*)

Hyl. I hope your Worfhip will have Mercy on my poor Boy !

Brain. Yes if he deserves it, not elfe I affure you.

Hyl. Ah, but confider.

Brain.

Brain. I do consider, and pity thee with all my Heart; I wou'd not have such a Son for the World; and I think the sooner you get rid of him the better.—He must be dealt with according to Law; and that, I fancy, will hang him.

Hyl. O Law! that ever I shou'd have any thing to do with thee? O my poor Boy who ever thought thou wert born to be hang'd!

Edd. Hang'd! my *Celon* hang'd!

Brain. Hang'd, aye and thee too, for aught I know, for being his Confederate.

Edd. O spare his precious Life!

A I R. XVIII.

If not my *Celon*, pity me;
Behold me at your Feet,
While thus upon my bended Knee,
Make not my Woes compleat.

Will you throw that Rose away,
That once you thought so sweet;
And let it wither and decay,
Like Dafies under Feet.

Brain. Get out of my Sight.

Mrs. Brain. How can you plead so Child, for one that came to take away your Father's Life?

Hyl. Her Father's Life!—no, not he poor Soul.

Brain. Oh here he comes,—now let him plead for himself, [*Enter Trusty, Celon and House-breakers*] a pretty set of Fellows truly.

Hyl. Wayst-heart how he looks; O my poor Boy [*runs to Celon*] what has bewitch'd thee to bring these Troubles on thy poor Father's Head?

Edd, Celon!

Brain. Get away Miss Fitchet; keep Silence till I examine 'em one by one.—You Fellow in the black Coat, do you hear; Hem, hem.—I admit thee King's Evidence,—stand forth, and speak like a Man, say what were your Intentions for breaking into my House so abruptly; but

mind you speak the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

1st Thief. I will and please your Worship.

Brain. Well mind you do.—Proceed.

1st Thief. Our Intentions were, and please your Worship; to have plunder'd the House, forc'd away your Daughter and to have murder'd all those that interpos'd.

Brain. There's pretty Fellows for you, there's pretty Fellows.—Now Neighbour *Hylas* what do you think of your innocent Son? these are all his Contrivances.

Hyl. Good lack, good lack-a-day, I know not what to think, I'm almost beside myself.

Cel. If your Worship will please—

Brain. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, till it comes to your Turn, if you interrupt me again, I'll send you back without any further Examination. Well but again;—say who was the Contriver of this dreadful Plot.

1st Thief. No one here, and please your Worship.

Brain. No one here?—take care, if I find thee deviate from the Truth, I'll have thee hang'd up directly—who was it then, and where is he?

1st Thief. He can tell you best [*pointing to Celon*] we left him and the other scuffling at the Door together when we two enter'd the House.

Brain. Who do you mean, *Celon*?

Thief. I don't know his Name; I know I felt the weight of his Fury;—'twas he that gave me this Cut o' the Head.

Brain. Odds Heart how is this! was not he in the Plot?

1st Thief. No and please your Worship (if I must speak the Truth) had it not been for him we should have carry'd our Point.

Hyl. Huzza! huzza! what think you of my Son now? what think you of my Son now?

Brain. I don't know what to think, this is a Point wou'd puzzle a Lord Chief Justice;—stay, stay, I've something yet to start, what Business in the Name of old Nick, cou'd he have there at that Time o' the Night?

Cel. Waiting in hopes to see *Eddie* again.

Brain. Was that all?

Cel. Yes as I hope for Mercy;—I had scarce been there a Moment, ere these Ruffians came, accompany'd with another; who (while these two enter'd the House) they left
to

to encounter me; but I proving Conqueror, left him on the Ground; and in pursuing these was taken Prisoner as an Accomplice.

Brain. Is all this really true, you Sir? (to the 1st Thief.)

1st Thief. Yes in good Faith, every Word.

Brain. Why then he deserves her, were she a Princess; here take her Boy, and a thousand Blessings go with you both.

Cel. Ten thousand Blessings, and Thanks in Return.

Hyl. Let me give my Blessing too,—may you be as happy, as the King and the Queen,—odds Heart I shall jump out of my old Skin again. (gives a caper.)

Brain. Take this fellow to Prison, the other I set at Liberty.

2d Thief. I have a Demand on your Worship before I go;—will your Worship stand to your own Words.

Brain. Thou saucy Rascal, dost thou think a Man of Character, a Justice of the Corum dare break his Word? If thou ever find me breaking my Word, I'll give thee Leave to send me to Prison in thy stead.

2d Thief. Then you must either hang *Celon*, or give me Leave to hang your Worship.

Brain. What does the Rascal mean?

2d Thief. Your Worship promis'd when we were first taken, that if you did not hang him, you'd give any body Leave to hang you; now, if your Worship will forgive me my Sins, I'll pardon you.

Brain. 'Sheart I believe he has me, and for thy Remembrance I'll forgive thee, so get thee gone about thy Business. (Ex. Thieves.) I plainly see if a man was to be accountable for all he says in a Passion he might be hang'd presently. Come this has been a strange Day; but now we'll have nothing but Dancing and Feasting for a Week.

Hyl. Odds bud Lad thou'rt made for ever.—Madam *Brainly* I must have a Buss and wish you Joy of a Son. (kisses her.)

Mrs. Brain. I'm overjoy'd too, to find that we are all deceiv'd.

Cel. And I'm overjoy'd after all my Fears to find that I am not deceiv'd, for I've got in Reality all I ever wish'd for.

AIR

AIR XIX.

Like Sailors surrounded at Sea,
 For ever 'tween Hope and Despair;
 But when they the Harbour once see,
 Away flies their Troubles and Care.

And soon as they step on the Shore,
 The Comforts still greater appear;
 They relish the Blessing the more
 By thinking they once were in Fear.

Brain. Ah you young Rogue, you've chang'd your Tune
 —friend *Hylas* give me thy Hand, I'll make thy Son a
 'Squire.

Hyl. A 'Squire! hear'st thou that Lad? wounds and
 Wherrykins thou'lt be as great as a Lord by-and-by.

Cel. I'm as great already in my Opinion, at least I'm as
 happy I'm sure.

Edd. And I'm much happier.

Brain. Heaven blefs you both, you've fought hard for
 one another; we'll have a merry Wedding on't.

AIR XX.

I ne'er was so pleas'd in my Life,
 At making of Husband and Wife,
 Tho' I've been at full Threescore,]
 I ne'er saw a Pair,
 That promis'd so fair,
 In all my good Days before.

Hyl. Here comes Cousin *Cymon*; here Cousin, here Cousin,
 here's *Celon* as great as the Lord Mayor of *London*.

Cy. I heard of it all as I came, and so came hobbling
 hither to see the young Couple, and give 'em my Blessing
 too—may you live to be as old as *Mahusalem*, I say.

Cel. Thank you, Uncle; though e'er that Time I fancy
 we shall be as weary of the World as you sometimes appear to be.

Hyl.

Hyl. Were to have such doings! ah the young Dog how he sniggers;—'Sdeath I munnot call him Dog neither, that's a little too free now he's a 'Squire, didn't hear that Cousin!

AIR XXI,

We'll ring the Bell,
And make a Fire;
While the Tune tells
My Boy's a 'Squire.

Cel This is more than you dream't I believe Cousin.

Cym. I'm glad that I'm awake to see it.

Cel So am I, for I feel it in Reality.

AIR XXII.

He. Since Fate has ended all our Woe,
And brought my *Eddie* to my Arms;
All the Ills that teaz'd us so
Vanish now before her charms

She. Our former Suff'rings are repaid.
By this mutual Joy at last,
Nor shall our future Joys e'er fade,
By thinking on the Ills that's past.

Bab. But thus in Transport spend each Day
Until our Grievs are drove away.

THE END.

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AIR MAIL

Very respectfully,
Yours truly,
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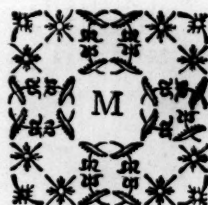
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THE
FIRST of MAY.


 Y Tale I take from Times of old,
 When Truth was more esteem'd than Gold;
 When Pride walk'd threadbare and despis'd,
 When Folks were better exercis'd
 Than now-a-days, when Broils and Strife
 Defiles the Narra' of each Life.

A Country Villa, near a Green,
 Inhabitants but twice Sixteen;
 An honest 'Squire held the Hall,
 Surrounded by a Turfen Wall,
 The Friend and Landlord of 'em all.
 A Neighbourhood so well inclin'd,
 So simple, honest, and so kind,
 Each try'd his Neighbour to excell,
 In Friendship and in doing well.

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As soon as Morning Dawn appear'd,
 Or early Chanticleer was heard,
 E'er the fond Herds began to feed,
 Or Faires fled the rising Mead.
 The thrifty Villagers arose,
 And from the Bed of sweet Repose
 They met the Labours of the Day
 And chearful, sung the Time away ;
 At Eventide, when Work was done ;
 They all return'd at setting Sun,
 And met upon the Plain—with Glee
 They pip'd and danc'd upon the Lee ;
 There in a lowly simple State
 They felt the joys that fly the Great,
 No Load of Conscience gall'd their Breast,
 Content and Labour gave 'em rest.

'Twas now the rosy Morn of *May*,
 When *Flora* in her best Array
 Bedeck'd each little rising Hill
 With Cowslips sweet, or Daffodil;
 A May-pole tall with Garlands hung,
 And rows of Birds Eggs neatly strung,
 Was plac'd upon a verdant Green,
 A Tribute to the Morning's Queen.

Each Rustic summons forth his Fair
 And round the Pole they all repair.
 The 'Squire 'mongst the rest arose,
 As 'twas his Custom to dispose

Of various Gifts, upon that Day,
And gave good Ale and Cakes away.

Twelve Garlands one small Hillock grac'd;
In simple Order each was plac'd.
The honest 'Squire now propos'd
That each by Choice shou'd be dispos'd;
Said ev'ry Swain had equal Right
To any Garland now in Sight
And all beneath, if ought shou'd be,
To claim his Right and Property.
For each some little Prize contain'd,
So that the Loser something gain'd,
Tho' some were greater than the rest,
Each Swain now strove to choose the best.

Young *Ralph* a fair and comely Swain;
The very Hero of the Plain,
Beheld fair *Alec*y on her Way;
No star so bright, no Nymph so gay;
Her small and easy Waist was bound
With Wreaths most sweet; her Head was crown'd
With ev'ry Flower of the Field,
That *Flora*'s self to her might yield.
She on her Head, a Garland bore
Its equal ne'er was seen before.

Young *Ralph* set off full Speed to meet
This lovely Maid, this Nymph compleat,

And struck the rest with great Surprise,
To see him claim her for his Prize,
He first bereav'd her of her Crown,
And claim'd the Maiden all his own.

Now ev'ry Youngster on the Plain
Look'd with Envy on the Swain,
But all in Justice did declare
He won the Maid;—the Trick was fair.

The 'Squire pauz'd, and shook his Head,
His hearty smile of Humour fled
To see his Child another's Claim,
And now he 'gan himself to blame.
The Swain beheld the good Man's Eyes,
With Tears he offer'd back his Prize.

The 'Squire charm'd at such a Deed
Cry'd you deserve her now indeed!
It glads me much, young Swain to find,
Thou bear'st so great, so good a Mind;
Here take her Lad,—I murmur not
If she's contented with her Lot,

She smil'd Consent, and cheer'd the drooping Swain,
She gave her Hand, her Meaning to explain.
The 'Squire saw, and bless'd the blooming Pair,
And three loud Volleys broke the peaceful Air.

CHRISTMAS EVE

IN THE

C O U N T R Y.

THE Mountain tops were tipt with driven Snow,
 And Silver white were all the Vales below,
 When, ceasing thro' the frozen Field to roam,
 Each Country Bumpkin ambles to his Home ;
 Enjoys what oft his betters do admire
 In Winter Time,—a comfortable Fire,
 There with his Spouse and rosy Brats regale
 In simple Mirth all round a Mug of Ale.
 And now when some sage venerable Squire
 Does from the Noise of this great Town retire,
 To end his Days, forgetting King and Court,
 And turns once more unto his youthful Sport ;
 But feels the Want of Strength, the Want of Sight,
 And feels the Winter more severely bite,
 Than when his Blood, some forty Years ago
 Wou'd reek with Ardour in *December's* Snow ;
 Climb the steep Hill, the flowing Riv'let fly,
 And join with Speed the chearful Huntsman's Cry
 'Till the deep Vally-eccho'd to the Sky.
 Less Exercise poor Man will now content,
 Infirmary will teach him to repent ;

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 And

And make Attonement for a Life of Sin,—
 At threescore Years 'tis Time sure to begin.
 The Night approach'd, each Friend receives his Guest,
 To drink an Health, or crack some merry Jest
 To eat and drink in hearty free Good will,
 And all the Troubles of the Day to kill.
 Tho' Ven'son fumes ne'er taint their homely Board,
 The feast on what they better can afford ;
 A good Sir Loin, a Pudding full of Plumbs,
 Smoaking and hot upon the Table comes.
 No Prince on Earth cou'd here refuse to eat
 So nice the Pudding and so sweet the Meat.

Once on a Time the Fire Side was grac'd
 With six true pair of Lovers round it plac'd,
 When biting Frost, and Snow bespread the Green,
 The Lads here serv'd their Lasses for a Skreen,
 By holding them as we do often see
 The Lads in Town—their Lasses on their Knee ;
 Now each in Turn wou'd Sing a merry Song,
 And some wou'd tell a Story very long,
 While all attentive wou'd with Wonder hear,
 And shew'd with Eyes of Love an Heart of Fear;
 One who refused in his Turn to sing,
 Told a sad Story of a murder'd King.

Another cry'd, he heard his Granny fay
 As she was passing thro' a lonely way,
 The Night was dark and Glow-worms did appear,
 When ev'ry Tree then added to her Fear.
 And passing by a lonely Church Yard Wall
 The Grave Stones mov'd, the Steeple shook and all.

Another now began a woeful Tale

The very Thought of which oft turn'd him pale. —

Once, said he, a Lady fair and tall

Did walk a Nights u pon our Garden Wall ;

She sometimes like a Sow and Pigs appear'd

And sometimes like a Jew, with a long Beard,

And sometimes like a greyhound, sleek and trim,

Sometimes like a Lion very Grim.

And once my Father said he saw it stand

With a bleeding Heart grasp't within its Hand

And once he heard it like a Raven croak,

And thrice, they say, it to our Parson spoke.

At this sad Tale, not one in all the House,
But even fear'd the moving of a Mouse.

O lack a-Day, cry'd one fair trembling Maid,

I fear to move, I am so much afraid.

Another, list'ning, thought she heard a Voice,

Another cry'd, I'm sure I heard a Noise.

Hush was the Word, while each with list'ning Fear,

Did, as it were, all statue-struck appear.

Nor Eye, nor Finger now was seen to move,

But each pale Maid cling'd fast about her Love ;

And all, the more from Fear, than from Desire,

Mov'd by Degrees almost into the Fire.

A dreadful Clatter all at once was heard,

And in a Trice the Fire Side was clear'd ;

Out at the Door they helter-skelter ran,

Nor 'till the Morning did there one return ;

The Parson and the Clerk at Noon were brought,

With Faces full of Fear and Heads of Thought ;

Gravely

Gravely they enter'd, with a solemn Look,
 The Parson held his Breech, the Clerk his Book,
 And step by step with Caution star'd around,
 Thinking most sure 'twas all enchanted Ground,
 But first they both into the Oven peept,
 Thinking, perhaps, it might in there have crept,
 But turning to the Cup-board, there did lie,
 A nice Plumb-pudding, and a Christmas Pie,
 That Puss had in her thieving Tricks thrown down,
 And struck with Wonder all the simple Town.
 The Parson, with a knavish Leer and Grin,
 Stroak'd with great Sanctity his double Chin.
 Cry'd 'twas a Shame such Pudding should be lost,
 And in an Instant down his Throat he tost
 A Piece that wou'd almost have choak'd a Hog,
 And gave old Sly the Clerk a friendly Jog.
 Who likewise cry'd, indeed it was a Shame,
 And by the Priest's Example did the same.
 Then both turn'd home with Safety and Content,
 And left the Losers only to repent ;
 Telling 'em of the worst to make the most,
 To rest content, by giving up the Ghost.

F I N I S.